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The Sketch

No. 999.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1912.

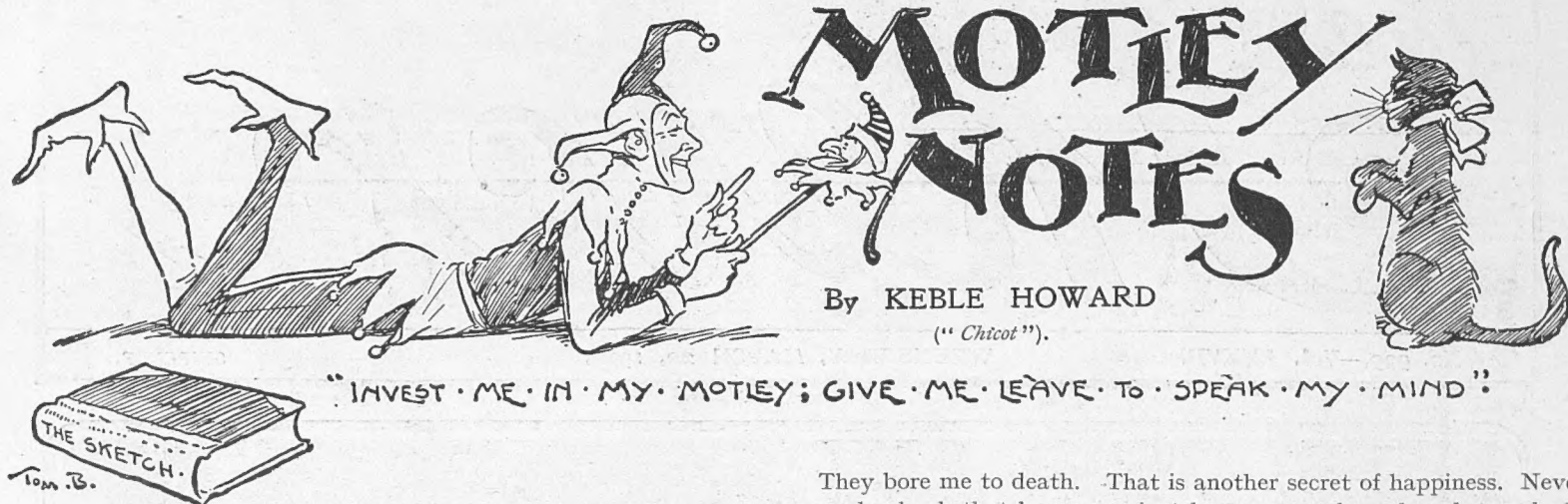
SIXPENCE.



A FUTURIST PORTRAIT OF THE FUTURIST POET-LEADER: SIGNOR MARINETTI, BY SIGNOR CARRÀ.

The poet Marinetti, leader of the Futurist movement, to which the pictures at the Sackville Gallery owe their being, arranged to lecture on Futurism in literature and art at the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday evening, the 19th, when there were also to be given recitations of Futurist poems in French and Italian, and an explanation of the paintings now on show in London. Reproductions of Futurist pictures by means of natural-colour photography will be found in this issue, and others in black and white were published in our issue of March 6. This picture of the poet Marinetti, which is amongst those at the Sackville Gallery, is described as "a synthesis of all the impressions produced by the chief of the Futurist Movement."

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Sackville Gallery. (See Double-Page in Colours.)



When Are You Happiest?

The Countess of Warwick has once again startled the world. Her Ladyship has assured a group of American interviewers—many of them are delightfully described by their brethren of the pen as "sob-sisters"—that nobody is really happy until after the age of thirty, that happiness increases after forty, and that life is one long banquet of joy at fifty. But what have the sixties, the seventies, and the eighties done that they should be excluded? The Countess, of course, cannot yet speak of the blissful sixties from personal experience, but so observant a philosopher must often have noticed the serene air and the radiant smiles of the quite old. Anyhow, I have often asserted in these Notes that extreme old age is the happiest time of life. If I am wrong, perhaps some of my aged readers will kindly forward their flat contradictions. They shall be received with every courtesy.

The Secret of Happiness.

In the meantime, let us search for the secret of happiness. Why is old age so tranquil and joyous a period, sickness and abject poverty being absent? I think it is because old people live for the passing moment. They have abandoned the struggle; their life's work is done. Envy and strife are no longer known to them. They have outlived most of their rivals of youth and middle age. The aims, and the ambitions, and the follies, and the successes of a younger generation do not concern them. Whatever may have happened in the past, they have achieved the indisputable success of survival. Every day that they live adds to this success. Their position, moreover, cannot be assailed. Nobody can take away the fact that they are eighty, ninety, or a hundred, as the case may be. A man of fifty may swagger in front of them, crying, "See how rich I am!" They merely reply, "Riches pass, my son. I know it. I am ninety. With all your wealth you cannot live to be ninety unless your body holds out."

Never Think About It.

I am not sure that old people know how happy they are, but if they don't, they will be all the happier. The happiest people are the people who never stop to think whether they are happy or not. Introspection is all nonsense. You will have plenty of time to introspect when you have the influenza, or get a week's solitary confinement for breaking windows. Under normal conditions, you should be far too busy, whether at work or at play, to wonder whether you are happy or not. When you are dropping off to sleep at night, always think of the pleasantest things that are going to happen the next day. When you wake in the morning, get up and see that those pleasant things do happen. Fill your day to the brim. Never have a moment to spare. Don't do anything that bores you if you can possibly help it. More people are bored to death, even in London, than are starved to death.

Do As You Like.

Somebody, having read that last paragraph, will cry, "Platitudes!" and turn swiftly to the pictures. I don't care if he does. I shan't hear him. Besides, somebody must keep on writing platitudes or the generations yet unborn will have no record of them. The Bible is full of platitudes—if you like to call them platitudes. So is Aristotle. So is Shakespeare. Many modern writers are so terrified of writing platitudes that they write rubbish. They will retort, of course, that, on the other hand, I write rubbish. They will assure me that I am not in the least clever. Good heavens, what a distinction in these days! I would walk miles and miles to avoid meeting a clever person.

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

They bore me to death. That is another secret of happiness. Never read a book that bores you just because you have heard everybody saying it is clever. Unless it interests or amuses you, it is not clever from your point of view. Never sit out a play that bores you, even though the theatre is packed to the roof with the wild-haired Intellectuals. Do as you like. Wear what you like. Eat and drink what you like. Mix with the people you like. Whistle the tunes you like. Above all, avoid being "the thing." Directly I hear that something or other is "quite the thing," I feel sure that I shall loathe it. It is very difficult for very young people to avoid being "the thing." That is one reason, of course, why the Countess of Warwick finds fifty such a delightful age. I am a good way off fifty, but I don't mind confessing that I have never played a game of bridge in my life.

The Man Who Never Did.

It is good to have the official assurance that there is no danger to health in using public telephones. For my own part, I never thought there was. In point of fact, I never thought about it at all. Life is too short for all these precautions. I knew a man, some years ago, who was haunted by the idea that something of an unpleasant nature would some day happen to him. He was so anxious to stave off the unknown event that he had a list of precautions printed, framed, and hung up in his bedroom. When he left home, he took this ornament with him. I can't remember many of the maxims, but here are a few—

- Never ride in a four-wheeler. The cushions are full of germs.*
- Never eat a tomato. You may get cancer.*
- Never eat an oyster. You may get typhoid fever.*
- Never run for a train. You may die of heart-disease.*
- Never smoke. You may get smoker's heart.*
- Never drink milk. You may get consumption.*
- Never drink port. You may get gout.*
- Never eat veal. You may get indigestion.*
- Never walk under a ladder. Something may fall on you.*
- Never leave off your thick clothes until July. You may get pneumonia.*
- Never read in bed. You may injure your eyesight.*

That man got paler and paler, and thinner and thinner. In the end, his list of rules literally worried him to death. The dangers of living were so numerous that the poor fellow committed suicide.

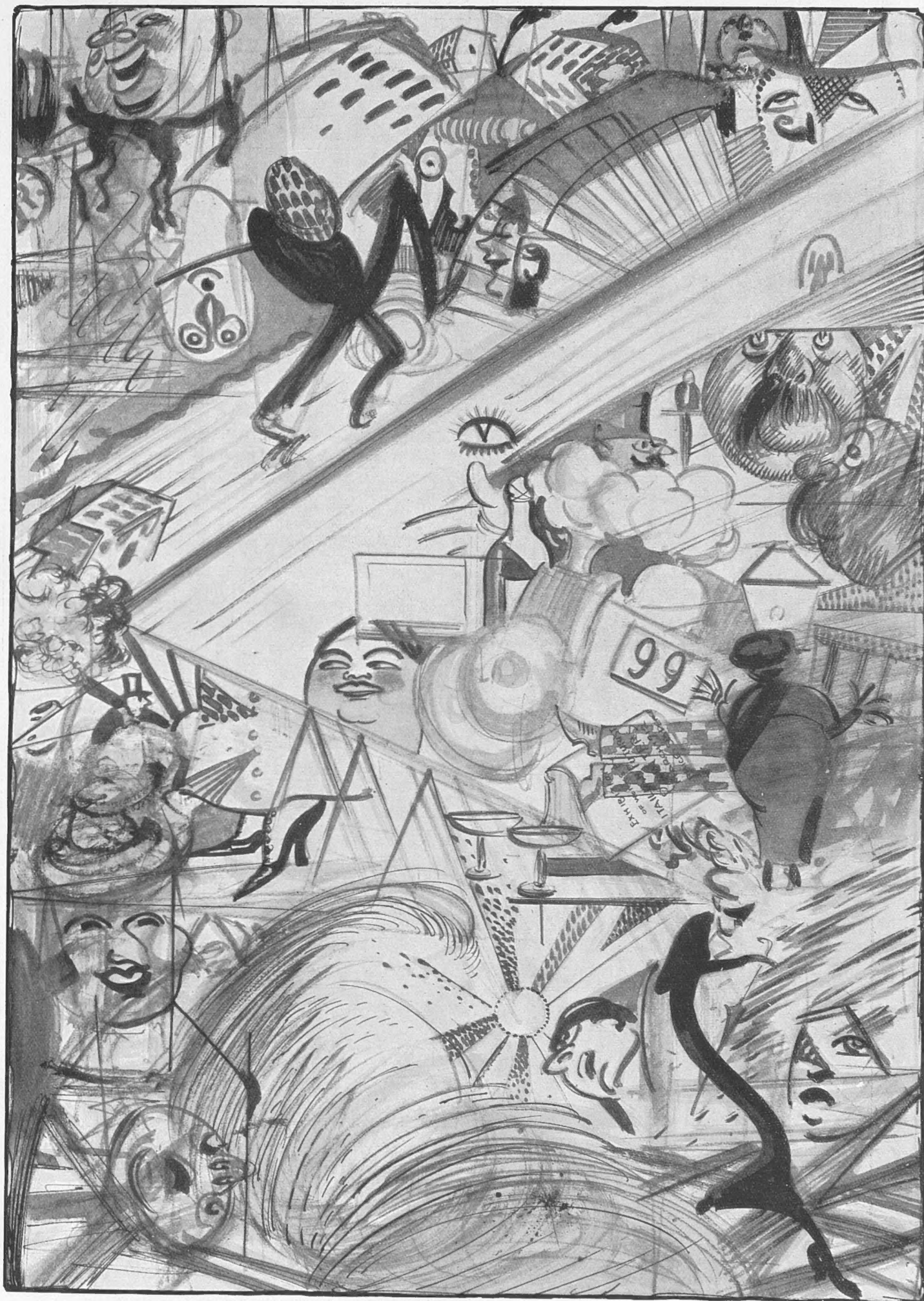
The Abnormal Spring.

This is an abnormal spring. The song-birds, for example, are behaving in an abnormal manner. Encouraged by the brilliant sunshine, they have begun to sing a month before their time. The odd thing is that the little creatures know they are a month too soon. All over the country, naturalists have detected a certain sharpness of note, particularly among nightingales and larks. This is directly traceable to nervousness.

On the first day of this month, a man was seen in the Strand wearing a new straw hat. Nobody can imagine where he got it. The most humane theory is that he was ill all last summer. Many of my readers are probably aware that it is against the rules of the Hatters' United Federation League to expose straw hats in their windows before April.

On the seventh of the month, a queen-wasp was killed at Merstham, Surrey. I know this is true because I killed her. The place of her death is haunted by the ghosts of thousands of her ancestors. All her progeny, poor thing, died with her. (At least, I hope so.) In view of the usual funeral rites, the body was removed to the garden of a distant neighbour.

A SYNTHESIS OF A BATEMAN STATE OF MIND!

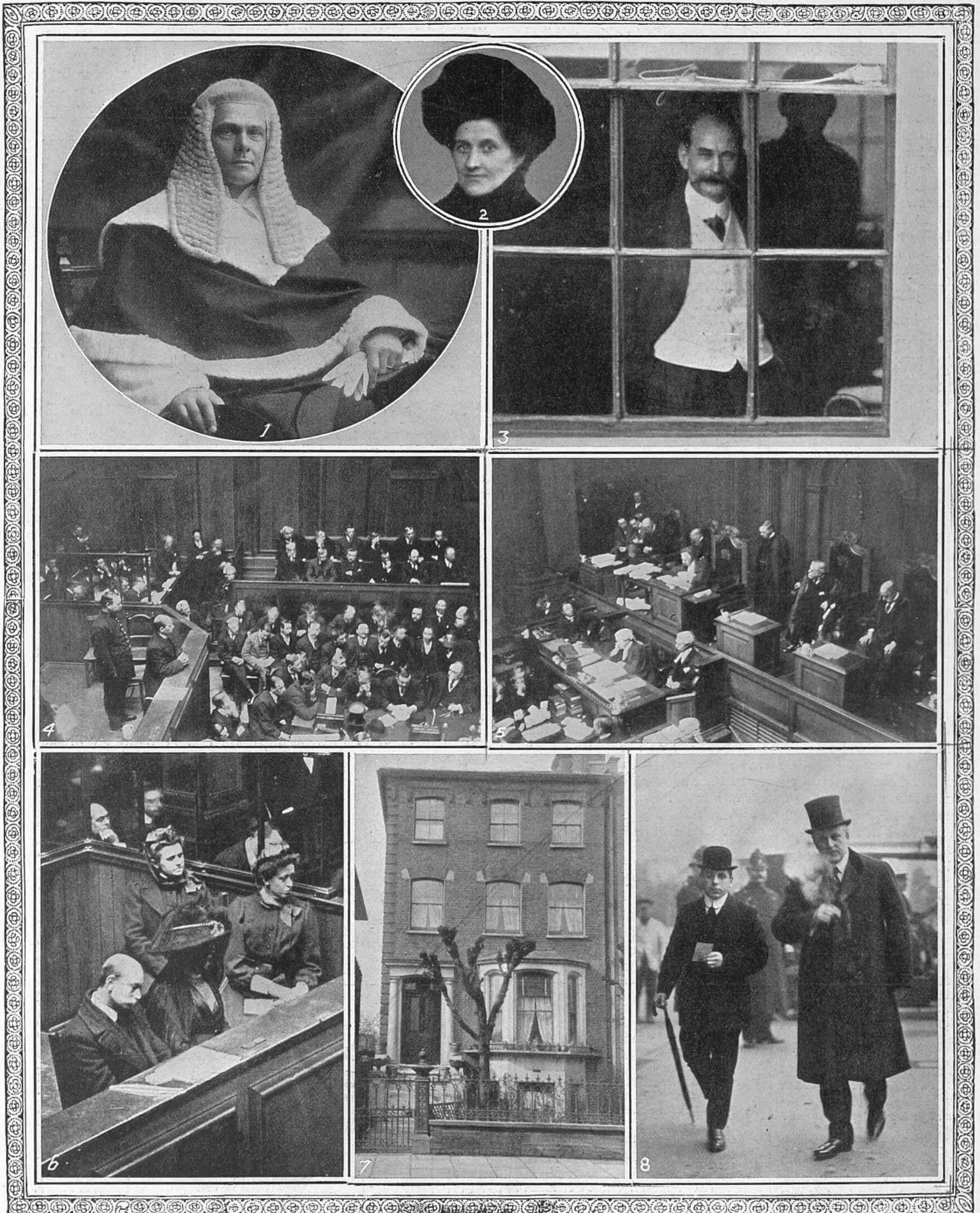


DRAWN AFTER A VISIT TO THE FUTURISTS' EXHIBITION: OUR ARTIST RECORDS WHAT HE SAW
AND WHAT HE REMEMBERS.

Mr. Bateman describes this epoch-marking work of his as follows: "Synthesis of the state of mind produced by a visit to the Futurist Exhibition, showing portraits of various members of the public noticed at the gallery, and studied from all points of view—a smart pair of shoes, liquid refreshment necessary on gaining the street, an ancient cabhorse and various buildings passed in Piccadilly, the catalogue, and two lifelike portraits of the policeman who directed me to Sackville Street. The angle in the centre of the picture represents the striving of the mind to grasp the work as seen with the eyes, and the spiral in the lower half represents the speed with which we leave the building."

FOR REAL FUTURIST PICTURES BY NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY, SEE OUR DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DRAMATIC ARSENIC CASE: THE TEN DAYS' SEDDON TRIAL.



1. THE JUDGE IN THE CASE: MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, WHO, IN SENTENCING FREDERICK HENRY SEDDON TO DEATH, SAID: "WE BOTH BELONG TO ONE BROTHERHOOD."

2. FOUND NOT GUILTY: MRS. MARGARET ANN SEDDON, WIFE OF FREDERICK HENRY SEDDON.

3. AT THE WINDOW: FREDERICK HENRY SEDDON, WHO, BEFORE BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH BY MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, SHOWED HIMSELF TO BE A FREEMASON.

4 AND 5. THE MOST TRAGIC MOMENT OF THE SEDDON TRIAL: MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL, WEARING THE BLACK CAP, SENTENCING FREDERICK HENRY SEDDON TO DEATH, AFTER MRS. SEDDON HAD BEEN FOUND NOT GUILTY.

6. DURING THE TRIAL: FREDERICK HENRY SEDDON, WHO WAS FOUND GUILTY, AND MRS. SEDDON, WHO WAS FOUND NOT GUILTY, IN THE DOCK.

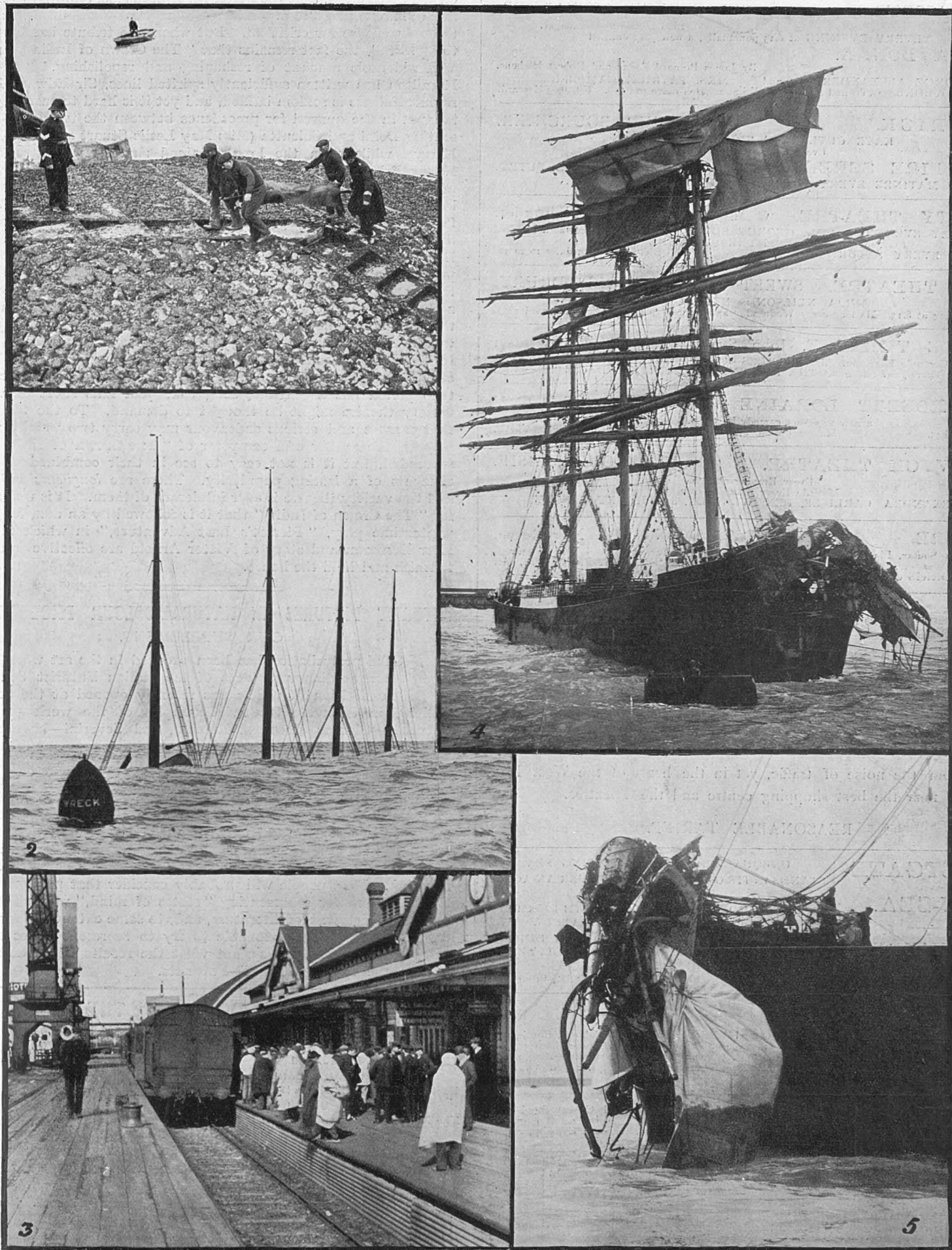
7. THE SCENE OF THE DEATH OF MISS ELIZA MARY BARROW ON SEPT. 14 LAST: 63, TOLLINGTON PARK, N.

8. LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE OF SEDDON: MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., ON HIS WAY TO THE COURT.

The ten days' trial of Frederick Henry Seddon, forty, insurance superintendent, and Margaret Ann Seddon, thirty-four, his wife, on a charge of murdering Miss Eliza Mary Barrow by administering arsenic to her, ended in the jury finding Mrs. Seddon not guilty, and Frederick Henry Seddon guilty. When asked if he had anything to say before the giving of judgment, Seddon made a long speech, which he ended by showing himself to be a Freemason; most improperly, for he must have known that the fact could not have influenced anyone under the circumstances. In passing sentence of death, Mr. Justice Bucknill, referring to this, said: "From what you have said, you and I know we both belong to one brotherhood. It is all the more painful to me to have to say what I am saying. But our brotherhood does not encourage crime—on the contrary, it condemns it." Seddon is appealing against his conviction.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, and Vandyk.]

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE "OCEANA" AND THE "PISAGUA."

AFTER THE DISASTER EIGHT MILES OFF BEACHY HEAD: THE DAMAGED VESSELS.



1. PRESUMABLY FROM THE "OCEANA": ONE OF THE TWO BODIES PICKED UP BY THE FRENCH TRAWLER "LA CHAMPAGNE" BEING LANDED IN NEWHAVEN HARBOUR.

2. THE SINKING OF THE "OCEANA" WHILE SHE WAS BEING TOWED TOWARDS DOVER AFTER THE COLLISION: THE MASTS OF THE ILL-FATED P. AND O. STEAMER SHOWING ABOVE WATER.

3. THE PLIGHT OF THOSE WHO WERE ON THE "OCEANA": PASSENGERS FROM THE VESSEL, WRAPPED IN BLANKETS, ABOUT TO TAKE THE TRAIN FROM NEWHAVEN FOR LONDON.

4. AFTER THE COLLISION WITH THE "OCEANA": THE CRUMPLED BOWS OF THE GERMAN BARQUE "PISAGUA," WITH ONE OF THE "OCEANA'S" BOATS UPON THEM.

5. THE DAMAGE TO THE "PISAGUA": THE TWISTED BOWS OF THE GERMAN BARQUE.

The P. and O. liner "Oceana," from Tilbury to Bombay, and the German four-masted barque "Pisagua," from South America to Hamburg, were in collision about eight miles off Beachy Head at 3.45 on the morning of Saturday, March 16. The impact was terrific. The "Oceana's" boats were lowered, and many of the passengers and crew were transferred to the "Sussex." Others reached Eastbourne in boats; others by lifeboats. One of the "Oceana's" boats, it is understood, capsized, and at the moment of writing it is believed that some nine lives were lost. An attempt was made to tow the "Oceana" into Dover; but she sank about a mile south of the "Royal Sovereign" lightship. The "Pisagua" was towed to Dover by tugs.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, L.N.A., Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.]

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5. NORWAY FJORDS ..	10 Aug.	13 days
6. BALTIC and RUSSIA ..	24 Aug.	24 days
7. PENINSULA and MOROCCO ..	28 Sept.	10 days
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"THE CROWN OF INDIA," AT THE COLISEUM.

THE management of the Coliseum has shown so much enter-
prise in producing a Masque set to music by one of our
leading composers, and has obviously spent so much money
on the production, that the writer must needs feel tempted to indulge
in "the noble pleasure of praising" that is, if Swinburne was right,
the only excuse for criticism. But when due tribute has been paid
to Mr. Stoll, the fact remains that "The Crown of India" calls for
a considerable amount of reshaping and repolishing. Mr. Henry
Hamilton has written sufficiently spirited lines, Sir Edward Elgar's
resourcefulness is seldom baffled, and yet it is hard to sustain a keen
interest in the quarrel for precedence between the two ladies repre-
senting Delhi and Calcutta (Miss May Leslie Stuart and Miss Evelyn
Kerry), while even the long-sustained rhetorical flights of Miss
Nancy Price as India grow a little wearisome after the first twenty
minutes. The sympathetic observer finds himself wondering how
long the three ladies upon whom the heaviest part of the burden
falls may hope to keep their voices if they have to declaim their
lines twelve times in a week. Neither Mr. Hamilton nor Sir Edward
Elgar would seem to have the true sense of the theatre. The com-
poser obtains some striking effects—notably when the "Bach"
trumpets are employed and a great scene from "Aïda" is recalled,
and in the weird dance at the opening of the second tableau; but
there is little or nothing in his score that the public will carry away
with them, and on the opening night the orchestral rehearsals seemed
to have been inadequate. Miss Marion Beeley (Agra) has an
effective number, and Mr. Harry Dearth as a St. George of the Dona-
tello period has a patriotic song that just falls short of what a
variety theatre might be thought to demand. To the full extent
that earnest and serious endeavour may carry two worthy men to
success, the author and composer of "The Crown of India" have
succeeded, but it is not easy to see in their combined effort the
elements of a lasting popularity. There are *longueurs* in plenty,
and the variety theatre is ever intolerant of them. It is unfortunate
for "The Crown of India" that it is followed by an admirable little
pantomime play, "Pierrot's Last Adventure," in which music of
Herr Bermann and story of Victor Arnold are effective from start
to finish and hold the house.

S. L. B.

FUTURIST PICTURES IN NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY. OUR SUPPLEMENT.

MUCH perturbation has been aroused in the art world by the
extraordinary pictures of the Italian Futurist School, an
exhibition of which was recently opened at the Sackville
Gallery, in Sackville Street. Examples of the work of several
Futurists—Signors Boccioni, Russolo, and Severini—have already
been reproduced in the *Sketch* in black and white, but in order to
enable our readers to form a better idea of them we give with this
issue, as a Supplement, six Futurist paintings, reproduced in natural-
colour photography. At the first glance critics were inclined to
regard the art of the Futurists as mere fantastical nonsense. Cer-
tainly it is eccentric and extravagant, but there is, at any rate,
method in its apparent madness, and a reasoned theory behind its
chaotic results. Whether that theory is mistaken or not is another
question. Most people will probably consider that paint is not the
right medium for representing "states of mind," which are rather
in the department of literature, and, to some extent, of music. It
would be almost as reasonable to try to represent states of mind
in sculpture as on canvas, but what the results would be may be
left to the imagination of—Futurists.

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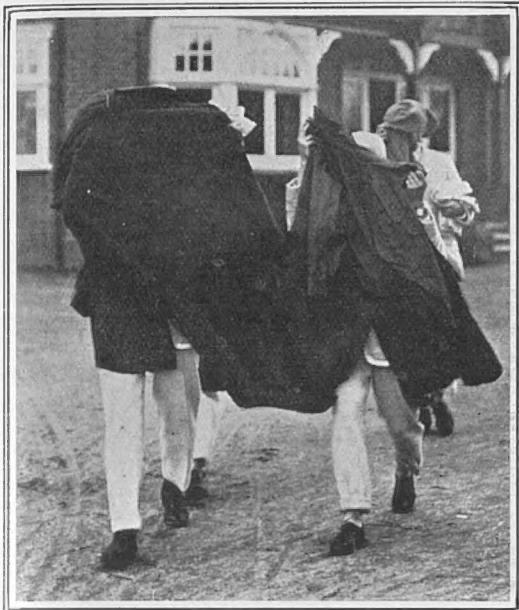
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"En Avant la
Baïonnette!"

It has been my good fortune to see quite a number of reviews of French troops, and I have been at Longchamp more than once on the occasion of the parade in honour of the National Fête, but I have never seen a charge of French infantry such as was delivered at

Vincennes by the infantry on the occasion of the Spring Review, in the presence of the President of the French Republic and of the Ministers. It is part of French reviews, as it is of reviews of our troops, that the cavalry should charge right up to the spectators, pulling up within a few yards of their line. Our infantry do nothing more sensational than an advance in line and a salute, but at Vincennes the French infantry, with bayonets fixed and with a great shout of "En avant la baïonnette!" made their charge before



SNAP-SHOT DODGING: MESSRS. R. S. SHOVE AND H. M. HEYLAND, OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, HIDE THEIR HEADS BEFORE THE LENS, AT COOKHAM.

Photograph by C.N.

the Cuirassiers and the Dragoons came thundering down in their turn. A bayonet charge is just as fine a thing in its way as a cavalry charge, and it might well become with us a spectacular part of reviews. The review at Vincennes was the apotheosis of M. Millerand, the Socialist Minister of War, who is working to re-establish the spirit of patriotism in France, and who has immensely gratified all his fellow-countrymen of all shades of opinion by putting France first in the race of the nations to obtain an overpowering aerial fleet.

The Cannes Edward VII. Memorial.

Last week with all honours the statues of Queen Victoria at Nice and of King Edward VII. at Cannes were unveiled, British bluejackets and French troops saluting the effigies of two British rulers who were most popular on the Riviera. Queen Victoria deserted Nice, or rather, the highlands behind Nice, for Mentone in the latter days of her life, but King Edward remained faithful to Cannes so long as he went in the spring to the Riviera. It was on the advice of his doctors that in his last years he chose Biarritz as the place for his spring holiday. Probably the late King was never so happy as he was during the time that he lived on the *Britannia* in the harbour at Cannes, sinking the monarch for the time being in the yachtsman, and it is as a yachtsman that the Cannes statue represents him, only a stone's-throw from the berth where his yacht used to lie. Paris is to give the genial British monarch a grander memorial in the street and square named after him, but nowhere was King Edward more beloved than in the town of flowers.

The Contented Taxi-Driver.

The London taxi-cab drivers have obtained, by the award of the court of arbitration, the chief points for which they struck, being allowed to retain all the extras, which the masters, during the time of the agitation, declared it was impossible

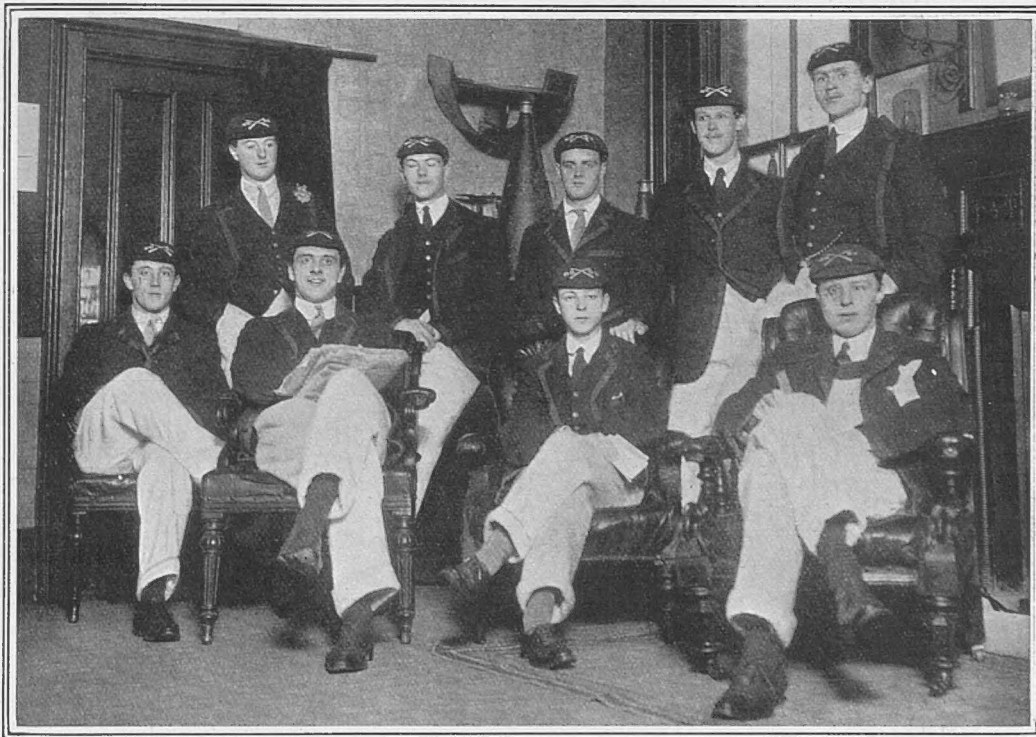
for them to grant. No longer now should the taxi-driver look with a contemptuous eye on any tip less than sixpence, or grumble that he gets too little out of the fare, for out of every shilling of fare paid him, apart from tips, he receives threepence. Thus, if he is given eighteenpence for an eightpenny ride, he gets a shilling (two-pence of the fare and tenpence tip) and his employer sixpence. The suggestion made by the court that there should be a special scale of fares for the distant suburbs would be an immense convenience to the dwellers in the outlying parts of London, whose ranks are taxi-cabless.

The Royal Marines.

Under Lord Selborne's scheme for the education of all officers who go to sea, the boys who were eventually to become officers in the Marines passed their examination with the other little fellows, the future executive and engineer officers of the Navy, and went through Osborne and Dartmouth as though they were to be of the R.N., and not the R.M. That the number of boys thus trained anxious to become "Jollies" was not large enough to meet the demand is shown by the institution of an examination for supplementary first appointments in the Royal Marines, in which cadets between seventeen and eighteen years old can qualify direct for the corps of Marines. It will be interesting to see whether, as time goes on, enough boys with a taste for engineering will be found amongst the cadets to keep the ranks of the Engineers full.

Plovers' Eggs.

Plovers' eggs, on the day on which I am writing, wobble in price somewhere between four and five shillings each—an enormous sum for a very small egg. I remember once offering to a delightful little lady from the United States some of the first of the plovers' eggs of a year. She looked at them without enthusiasm and opined that they were vastly inferior to what she called "hen fruit." It was only when I told her that they cost a dollar apiece that she treated them with due respect. The first plovers' eggs secured are always sent to Buckingham Palace to the King. One year, when King Edward was in the South of France and lunched occasionally at Ciro's Restaurant at Monte Carlo, the little Italian restaurateur procured a surprise for him. He had obtained some of the earliest plovers' eggs, and offered them to the King, at breakfast time. But, not being accustomed to dealing



WAITING FOR THE FOG TO CLEAR! THE OXFORD CREW INSIDE THE BOAT-HOUSE BEFORE MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE AT PUTNEY.

The Oxford crew made a first appearance at Putney later than was expected, for a white fog hung over the river, and the boat was not risked for a morning row. At dusk a start was made, and proved the men a most useful crew. The average weight then was 12 st. 6½ lb.—rather less than that of last year's crew. In the back row of the group (from left to right) are: Mr. A. F. R. Wiggins, 6; Mr. A. H. M. Wedderburn, 5; Mr. C. W. B. Littlejohn, 7; Mr. F. A. H. Pitman, bow; Mr. E. D. Horsfall, 4; (seated) Mr. C. E. Tinné, 2; Mr. L. G. Wormald, 3; Mr. H. B. Wells, cox; and Mr. R. C. Bourne, stroke.—[Photograph by Topical.]

with these delicacies, the little man served them hot. Of course, plovers' eggs can be eaten hot, and an omelette made partly of plovers' eggs and partly of hens' eggs is an admirable delicacy.



"MADAME, vous êtes décoiffée," was the comment of the Empress Eugénie on one occasion, when a visitor arrived at Farnborough at luncheon with her hair disordered by a bicycle ride. "Oh, it is nothing!" answered her guest, with a smile. "Madame, vous êtes décoiffée," repeated the Empress. The guest thereupon was forced to capitulate, and an attendant lady escorted the owner of the dishevelled locks to a room provided with mirrors and curling-tongs. That same guest soon came to be too privileged to be rebuked, and was even allowed to bicycle to the Empress's to dinner, with her evening gown strapped on in front, which meant further attentions from an attendant dame. Queen Victoria and the late King were also pleased to honour this distinguished lady and her musical genius. She is now "doing" two months' hard labour as a Suffragette.

Oakum for White Hands.

Miss Ethel Smyth is far from being the only Suffragette upon whom kings and queens have smiled. Mrs. Perry Belmont, most notorious of American women in revolt, was once King Edward's hostess in Biarritz; and King George and Queen Mary may even yet have to decide upon an attitude for which there is no very ready precedent—their Majesties' attitude towards a friend who has spent a month in a criminal's cell. The women with titles who fight, or want to fight, for Woman's Suffrage are not to be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lady Constance Lytton and Lady Isabel Margesson, the sister of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, have many friends who are keeping quiet for family considerations. But those considerations may snap, and the Lord Chamberlain, at least, find himself in difficulties.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS, MEGAPHONE IN HAND: MR. F. V. V. SCRUTTON.

Our photograph was taken on the occasion of the recent Procession of Boats at Eton. The boats, Upper and Lower, nine in all, went up the river to Sandbank and then returned to the rafts.

Photo. Newspaper Illustrations.

Marquess, is a fair target on the question of women's franchise. The relatives that must be more or less appeased are numerous; and then her work begins. One sample of the criticism offered by her friends came from a gallant Admiral: "If women get the vote they will plunge the country into universal Atheism and debauchery," he declares. "And I know he is pleased with himself for speaking to me with such moderation," Lady Robert adds, with a smile. She, like a certain great lady of her husband's family, has an ear schooled in robust language. The

In Round Terms.

Lady Robert Cecil, the sister of a Duchess, a Countess, and an Earl, and the half-sister of a



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (WITH MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL).

The Duke of Marlborough met with a most unfortunate accident while hunting with the Quorn the other day. His horse pecked after landing over a fence, and threw its rider on to his back, breaking his right shoulder-blade right across.—[Photograph by Topical.]



TO MARRY MISS MARGARET BRUCE ISMAY ON THE 21ST: CAPTAIN RONALD CHEAPE.

Captain Cheape, of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, of Wellfield, Gate-side, Fife, is to marry Miss Bruce Ismay, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ismay, of 5, Hill Street, and Sandheys, Liverpool, to-day.

Photograph by Mayall.



THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL AMATEUR ART SOCIETY AT SURREY HOUSE: SIR W. RICHMOND, R.A., THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, AND MRS. ROSS.

Photograph by G.F.U.

wife of the first Marquess of Salisbury, who continued to hunt when she was too blind to see the fences before her, kept a groom at her side to shout, "D—n you, my Lady, jump," at the right moment.

A Coign of Vantage.

The French Ambassador, himself a diner-out, is one of the early and prominent hosts of the season. The Embassy at Albert Gate is the first spot to feel the stir of the forthcoming visit of the King and Queen to France, and for some little time will be as busy, socially, as Dorchester House. That it was neither comfortable nor handsome was Madame Waddington's verdict, but it is enlarged since her day, and it has one advantage that greatly endears it to M. Cambon. Its windows have a better view of the Row and its horses than any in town. Only two Ambassadors in London still resist the motor-car—the representatives of France and Turkey. M. Cambon is content with 2 h.p., or one, even in the shining face of Germany's motor.

"In Sober Livery."

The Privy Councillor who dons the purple and gold of his official uniform too often is a rare problem. For all its beauty, it is not much liked by its wearers. But there is another costume which will never be used too often. Even Mr. Ure, who is not a vain man, will shirk an unnecessary appearance in the Windsor uniform, when he has a right to it. One rebellious Prime Minister described himself as feeling half postman and half footman when he put it on. Mr. Burns, who seemed to allude to his own good looks in the Commons the other day, might carry it with a certain air; but the Conservative Party goes, as one man, in dread of it.

A Queen of Women.

Queen Elena, who has shown herself cool under fire, was in her girlhood a

great huntress and

a fine shot. But the report of her own gun is no longer deathly, for she has developed a dislike of killing. She still shoots, but the pigeons she shoots are clay pigeons. And this feeling of hers, which accentuates the cruelty of last week's attack, is characteristic. She is beloved, not only as a Queen, but because in all her actions she is a gentlewoman. Her appearance in an open carriage is more than an appearance—it is a happy encounter between her and the poor. She once said, "I would like to come home every day with my carriage full of children."



CAPTAIN OF THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM FOR ENGLAND: MR. S. E. GREGORY.

The Sydney Board of Control recently appointed Mr. S. E. Gregory captain of the Australian team for England, and Mr. C. B. Jennings vice-captain.

Photo. Sport and General.

WOMAN'S NEW "LINE": THE PANIER, OR "BASKET," SKIRT;
AND OTHER EXAMPLES OF QUAIN'T MODERN FASHION.



1. THE SKIMPY-SKIRT LINE: A TIGHT-DRESS EFFECT.

2. AN IDEA FROM THE OLD-TIME GARDEN—OTHER THAN THAT OF EDEN: THE HOLLYHOCK-PLUME HAT.

3. THE ORIENTAL LINE: A TURKISH-TROUSER SKIRT EFFECT.

4, 5, and 6. MIDDLE-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STYLE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: THE NEW PANIER SKIRT.

The modern panier skirt, illustrated also in our last issue, is an adaptation of that of the middle eighteenth century. It still remains to see how popular it will become nowadays; but, anyway, woman has attained yet another new "line," and so is satisfied—pending the decision to have another.—[Photographs by Mondanités.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

PEOPLE who, just because they want to cook their dinners or travel by train, selfishly object to the poor miners taking a holiday should reflect on the good which has been done to the nation by the improvement in golf in the Black Country. And why should not coal-miners learn to play golf as well as Mr. Lloyd George?

It was about time that Captain Scott, or Captain Amundsen, or somebody, discovered the South Pole. They say that there is plenty of coal, and no strikers, there.

A "Thermopolion," a kind of public-house at which hot drinks were sold, has just been unearthed at Pompeii. Think of it! That was where the young bloods of long ago used to prop up the bar all day long and murmur, "Gutta Scottici, callida, precor, puella," just in the old, sweet way.



Mr. McKenna states that no effective mudguard for motor-omnibuses has yet been invented. Mr. McKenna is getting on. The man in the street found that out by practical experience years ago.



Strap-hangers will be delighted to hear that the Board of Trade has kindly legalised their existence, for as long as the Coal Strike lasts. At least they know that when their arm is wrenched out of its socket by the sudden stoppage or starting of a tram, they are not committing an offence within the meaning of the Act.

THOSE ASHES!

(The *Orvieto* is on its way home with the members of the M.C.C. team and the "Ashes.")

They are bringing home the Ashes in the *Orvieto's* hold, Ashes worth to any sportsman twenty times their weight in gold; And to guard those mystic relics come the valiant men and true

Who have snatched them from the clutches of Australia's Kangaroo. There's the many-lettered Douglas, Foster, master of the ball, Barnes and Rhodes and Hobbs and Smith—but I might name them one and all;

They have braved the stormy ocean, they have sailed the golden seas, They have brought the sacred Ashes from the far Antipodes.

But the strangest thing about it is, no matter where he's been In England or Australia, no cricketer has seen Those weird and cryptic Ashes whose adventures domineer Over Britain and her Colonies in each alternate year. The secret of their being is a mystery as dark As the quest of Carroll's Boojum, or the Hunting of the Snark; But at Lord's they whisper sadly that the Ashes don't exist, And are merely the invention of a *Pink 'Un* humourist!



At Bo'ness, which some people say is in Scotland, the farmers have been employing watchmen to guard their turnips. Evidently, queer sorts of fuel are coming into use.

Rev. Campbell says that we are behaving on the whole very much as our ancestors behaved thousands of years ago. Is this meant for a sly smack at the coal strikers, the Suffragettes, or the airmen?

THE COMING OF THE PANNIER.

(On March 10, 1912, the first pannier skirt made its appearance in Hyde Park at church parade).

Where are the fashions of long ago, With out-of-date and eccentric names,

Where are the modes that we used to know, The dresses worn by our boyhood's flames? The sleeves too loose, and the sleeves too tight,

But in that rubbish-heap artists delve And dig for notions from which to make



The skirt too ample, the skirt too small, Which seemed at the moment exactly right? They've gone to the rubbish-heap, one and all!

The latest fashions of nineteen-twelve; And so it happened they came to take

A hideous fashion that first was worn In the far-off epoch of belles and beaux, The highly ridiculous panniers borne By dear little donkeys of long ago!

An aeroplane the other day tipped out its aviator just as he was going to start, and ran away. This imitation of the old-fashioned horse is all very well, but it will be awkward if the Man in the Moon brings an action after being run into by a kicking aeroplane.



and incapable in the Strand at midnight. How these Boys of the Old Brigade do shame us modern degenerates!

But we are trying hard to pick up a bit, for, after a decline for ten years, the nation's drink bill once more shows an increase. In these days of coal strikes and Suffragettes, and ever-increasing taxes there is nothing left to do but to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

Palmyra Island, in the Pacific, has long been abandoned by Great Britain, but has now been annexed by the United States. It was once sold for a dollar, and is chiefly inhabited by crabs. Probably the new owners mean to make a supper resort of it.

A Budapest doctor has discovered a method of transplanting hair to bald scalps. That's it. You borrow a healthy hair from a friend, dig a hole in your head with a hair-pin, plant the hair, oil its bearings once every three days, and then stand by and watch the forest grow.

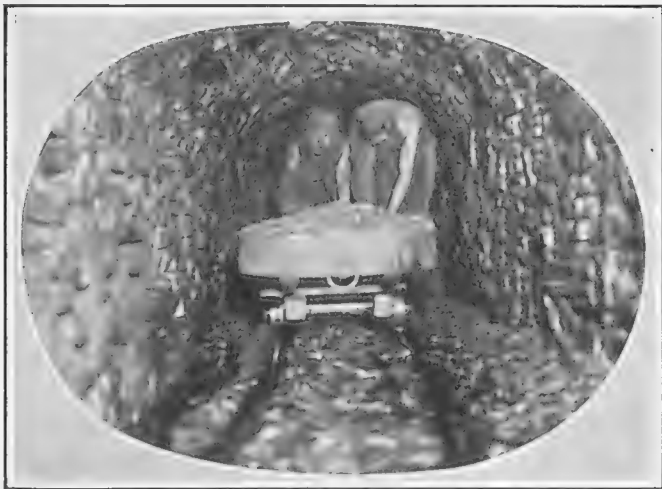
We are promised that the spring fashions will have the waist in the right place. Lord love us! How odd the women will look!

"What is a Sardine?" has been puzzling the courts. Anyone but a lawyer would know that a sardine is a little fish which likes to swim in oil rather than in salt water.





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



OWNER AND MINER TOO, AND THEREFORE NOT ON STRIKE: THE PROPRIETOR OF A "ONE-MAN" COLLIERY, WITH HIS SON, WORKING HIS OWN PIT NEAR MACCLESFIELD.

Probably the only colliery in the country unaffected by the Coal Strike is a small pit at Rainow, near Macclesfield, known as the Arrop Colliery, which is leased and worked by one man. Obviously, if he were to go on strike, he would create a Gilbertian situation, being, like Pook-bah in "The Mikado," a sort of Lord High Everything Else in his own premises. The shaft of the one-man mine is an inclined tunnel leading down into the hill. Power for the winding-drum is supplied by a water-wheel.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



GRAND OPERA UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID: A DRESS REHEARSAL OF "AIDA."

The first production of "Aida" on the open-air stage in front of the Great Pyramid took place on March 3, and was an immense success. Two performances were given—one in the afternoon timed to coincide with sunset and moonrise, and the other at night during full moon. The latter was especially impressive, for the grandeur of the Pyramids and the desert is never more awe-inspiring than at that time. This majestic natural setting of the opera is highly appropriate, for Verdi wrote it at the request of Ismail Pasha, and its first production inaugurated the Khedivial Opera House at Cairo in 1871. Plot, scenes, and music are all thoroughly Egyptian. Numbers of Arabs came on as part of the army. The specially built tribunals were crowded with spectators.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



ANIMALS WHICH MIGHT HAVE TAKEN AMUNDSEN TO THE NORTH POLE: POLAR BEARS DRAWING A SLEDGE IN A CIRCUS.

Before he started in 1910 on his Arctic Expedition, which later on developed into an Antarctic one, and ended in his reaching the South Pole instead of the North, Captain Amundsen had thoughts of employing Polar bears trained at Hagenbeck's Menagerie as sledge-drawers in addition to his dogs. It was thought that, being much more powerful than dogs, they would prove useful steeds in their native haunts. For some reason, however, they were not taken. Our photograph shows some of the bears at Hagenbeck's.—[Photograph by Shepstone.]



THE "MYSTERY HOUSE" AT CHELSEA: THE DOORWAY WITH THE STRANGE INSCRIPTION IN OAKLEY STREET.

The death, a few days ago, of Dr. John Samuel Phené, at the age of ninety-one, drew attention to the mysterious house which belonged to him at the corner of Oakley Street and Upper Cheyne Row. The whole front is strangely decorated, and over the door is the inscription, "Renaissance du Château de Savenay." The story goes that Dr. Phené, who was an eccentric antiquary, was decorating the house for his wife, when she died suddenly, and he left it unfinished. It had not been occupied for thirty years.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

A SIGN OF THE TIMES: THE "DWINDLING" OF THE STAR.

Falling Stars.

Perhaps *falling stars* is a rather violent term to use in reference to the fact that among the many interesting phenomena noticeable by the observer in the theatrical world of to-day is the decline in importance of the star player. It might be considered that this decline is due to a general leveling up or down—even that it exists may be questioned; yet the insiders are aware that some of the successful enterprises during the last few years have been run by companies containing no actor or actress known to the general public, no artist who could not walk along Piccadilly without causing heads to turn.



A REMARKABLE MAKE-UP IN "LA LÉPREUSE," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, PARIS: MME. M. DELNA AS VIEILLE TILL.

In private life, Mme. Delna is a pretty woman of great charm.—[Photograph by Excelsior Illustrations.]

On the other hand, the failure of many plays presented by stars, which a few years ago would have been successful, has caused the observer to think furiously. One notices, time after time, that the "hit" in a piece is that of some newcomer, such, for instance, as Mr. Owen Nares in "The Blindness of Virtue," and "The Fool and the Wise Man," and one remarks the "score" which he made in "Milestones." A few years ago, as a result, the very talented young actor would have been suddenly acclaimed "star" by some manager, then heavily "featured,"—and probably spoilt. Indeed, if his successes had been made ten years since, he might be now one of the galaxy of dwindled stars whose names can be discovered in the "resting" columns of the theatrical papers.

Stars Overseas. In America they still have stars, stars by the barrellful, a "Milky Way" of stars, if one accepts the views of the theatrical magazines and journals of the

of one hand the British stars capable of drawing an amount equal to two weeks of their salary to the playhouse during the run of a piece? No diminution, certainly, in the talents of the players—that is out of the question: just, indeed, as genius is out of the question, for genius, being itself exceptional, forms exception to every rule, and the time can never come when a player of indisputable genius will fail to draw money as a star. The first reason is the change in drama itself. At last the public is beginning to come to the theatre primarily to see the plays, and not the actors, and this because the dramatists are no longer writing pieces chiefly for exploitation of the players' gifts, but merely employing men, women, and children as the mechanism for exhibiting the author's ideas. We have no Sardou now, sacrificing what might have been a great career as dramatist to the lucrative trade of manufacturing plays to fit the famous Bernhardt. The novelists, once despised in our theatre as futile enthusiasts, have fought their way to the stage, and, partly thanks to the new technique, are presenting novels in action instead of in books, and refusing to let their works be subservient to the personality of the stars. Take as an example "Milestones," which threatens to be the success of 1912—a brilliant play, admirably acted, containing a number of finely drawn characters, but no star part. It is to be noticed that Mr. Dennis Eadie, one of our most accomplished and admired actors, although an actor-manager, deliberately, from artistic instinct, refuses to adopt the star system.



MORE CONDENSED MUSICAL COMEDY: MISS EVIE GREENE, WHO PLAYS MME. SANS-GÊNE, HER ORIGINAL PART, IN THE ABBREVIATED "DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE PALLADIUM. The production is under the personal superintendence of Mr. George Edwardes.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]

Other Reasons. The producer has something to do with the matter; he is a product of the modern theatre not half appreciated by the public, who has stealthily grown into importance, ousting the stage-manager of tradition and current novels. The producer seeks no star, he wants to get an all-round performance. Indeed, one may make a somewhat irreverent comparison, drawing a figure of the modern stage and that of twenty years ago, by likening the one to the football team characterised by selfish individual brilliance giving place to the team working by concerted action. The producer wishes, in a sense, to make the play his own and to give an individual colour to his rendering as specific as the rendering of one musical conductor compared with that of another—what can he do with irresponsible, self-willed stars? Another cause is the economical: it seems impossible to raise the price of theatre seats—a matter immaterial to me—but rent, rates, and taxes mount, and other expenses increase, and the salaries of stars are a formidable item, and therefore worldly-wise producers are beginning to favour plays that require no salaries at rates which create envy in all other professions. Of course, there



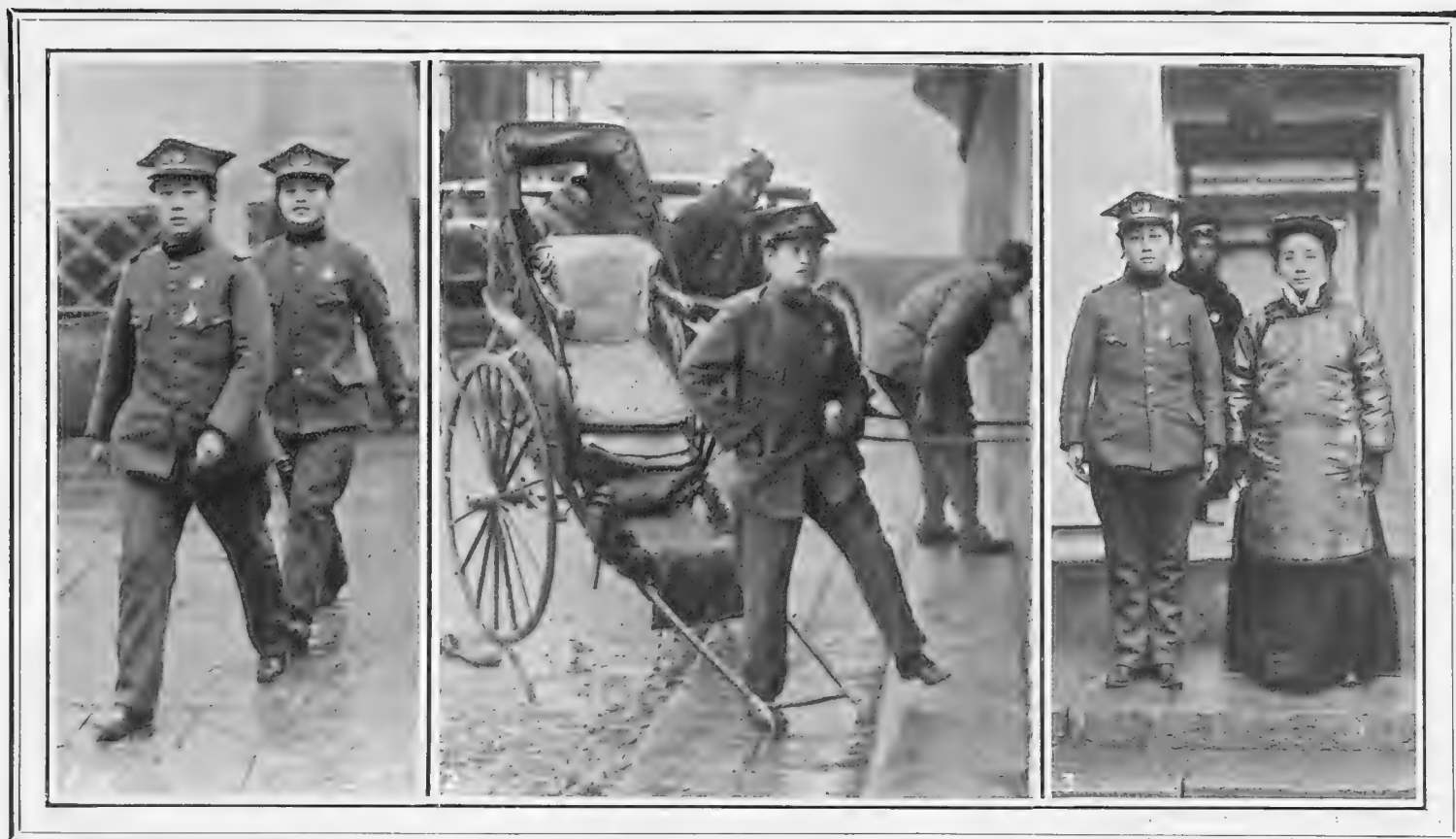
THE ELGAR MASQUE, "THE CROWN OF INDIA," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: "THE THRONE" ON "THEIR" WAY TO THE DÛRBAR.

"The Crown of India," a Masque composed by Sir Edward Elgar, and with words by Mr. Henry Hamilton, was produced at the Coliseum the other day and was well received.—[Photograph by C.J.N.]

States. It may, however, be noticed that, generally, when these stars are translated to our more dusky skies their brilliance is barely visible. What are the reasons why stars are out of fashion, why, as intelligent people have discovered, you may count on the fingers

will still be some demand for stars, for instance, in Shakespeare, whilst our existing highly esteemed stars will hold their own; but the night of the star is waning, and this is a good thing for the drama regarded comprehensively as a branch of art. E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

THE FUTURE: POTENT SIGNS AND PORTENTS.



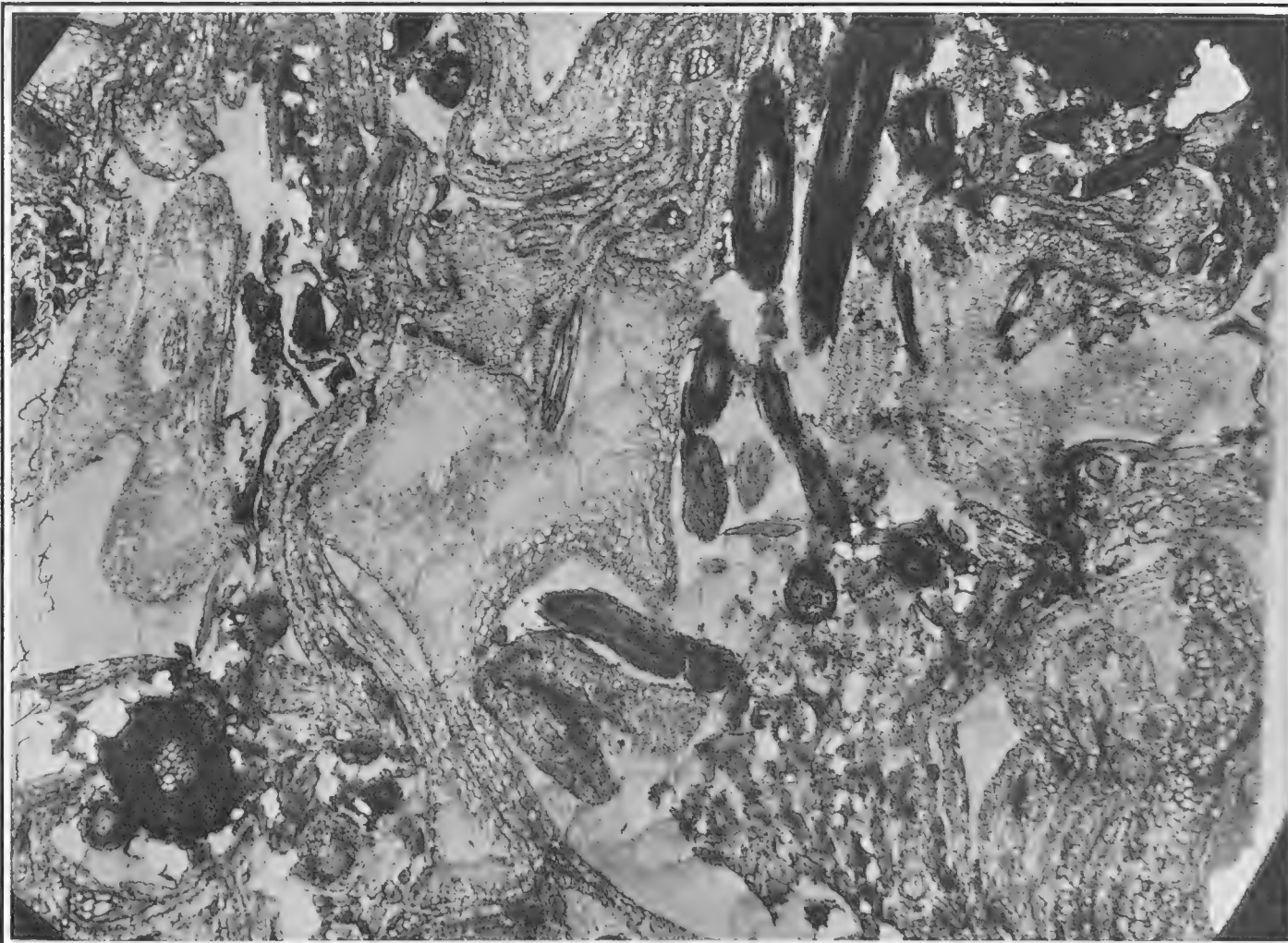
1. ON THEIR WAY TO SEE DR. SUN YAT SEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT: WOMEN OFFICERS OF CHINA'S ARMY OF AMAZONS.

2. ARRIVING AT A GOVERNMENT OFFICE: A WOMAN OFFICER OF THE CHINESE AMAZONS WHO FOUGHT IN THE FIRING-LINE AGAINST THE IMPERIALISTS.

3. GIRLS WHO ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AND FOUGHT WITH THE REVOLUTIONISTS: A CHINESE AMAZON IN UNIFORM, AND ANOTHER IN HER ORDINARY DRESS.

A number of Chinese women, not satisfied with doing nurses' work with the revolutionary army in China, actually enlisted in that army, donned uniform, and took their places in the firing-line. The photographs were taken at Nanking, before Dr. Sun Yat Sen resigned the Presidency of the Provisional Republican Government.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.



A "FUTURIST PICTURE" OF THE COAL STRIKE, BY NATURE! A SYNTHESIS OF THE STATE OF MIND OF MINERS AND OWNERS!

We must confess at once that this photograph, although appearing to the lay mind somewhat akin to certain Futurist paintings, is in reality a microphotograph of a thin section of Yorkshire coal, showing the plant-cells and tree-cells of the original vegetation. The piece of coal of which it is a part was probably forming in the earth for at least 600,000 years.—[Photograph by A. E. Smith.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT seems that King George said two or three things that will be remembered at the Polytechnic, and that the Prince of Wales proved himself adept in asking questions—the questions that were easy and pleasant to answer. It is said, too, that Queen Mary made those short, shrewd comments for which she is famous among her ladies. But one comment she did not make. A story recently circulated tells of a visit to another building, of much the same order. Their Majesties, Prince and Princess at the time, were led into the board-room to sign their names in a book before their departure. The Prince, with an air of diffidence, looked round instead of writing, and the Princess whispered, "Buck up, George!"

Walking Delicately. King Edward drilled his subjects well; he even brought a Court to an abrupt end because it dragged,

the Tsaritsa, exerted all her prerogative. The Empress has enforced obedience by ordering the carriages of women whose dresses offended her; but that is no more than has been done at a private house. Not long after the Allied troops had returned from China, the Chinese Ambassador was the guest of honour at an important diplomatic reception. An American woman entered; the Ambassador caught sight of her, and was visibly agitated; she was advancing in his direction, when a member of the American Embassy staff deftly got in the way. The host, in an audible whisper, ordered her carriage, and she



ENGAGED TO MR. ALFRED CHARLES GLYN EGERTON: MISS RUTH CRIPPS.

Miss Cripps is the only daughter of Sir Alfred Cripps, K.C., M.P., of Parmoor, Henley-on-Thames. Mr. Egerton is the youngest son of the late Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton, Comptroller of the Household to the Duke of Connaught, and the Hon. Lady Egerton, of Chilton House, Thame, Oxfordshire, a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

and, but for his order in regard to the looping up of swords, many a Levée would have witnessed an entanglement of scabbards and shins. His mantle of orderliness may be said to have fallen on Queen Mary's shoulders. Her Majesty is perfectly explicit in her desires, and her wise decrees are everywhere discussed



THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT SON OF THE HON. HUGO AND LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS: THE HOUSE PARTY AT STANWAY, THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE SEAT OF LORD AND LADY ELCHO.

From left to right are seen the Hon. Guy Charteris, Lady Diana Manners, Lady Violet Charteris (with her baby son, Francis David), Lady Elcho, the Hon. Hugo Charteris, and Mr. Balfour, who acted as sponsor. Mr. Hugo Charteris is the eldest of the three sons of Lord Elcho, elder son of the Earl of Wemyss and March. His marriage to Lady Violet Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, took place last year.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

with interest. She makes it clear that she dislikes tight skirts and detests skirts that are both tight and short. At Mrs. Alec Tweedie's brilliant luncheon last week the talk was of the cutting into antique brocades to shorten trains, and of the rehearsals necessary with the skirt that must lie fifteen inches on the ground. Queen Mary has put down her queenly foot, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie's twenty guests—all women—were loyally anxious lest there should be any difficulty in putting their own feet down safely, between two trains.

"Apparelled Beyond Parallel." Queen Mary's word is law in ladies' dressing-rooms. There is no limit to her powers. That much is felt, even if she has never, like

of his music, and his pretty touch in water-colour; we are told that when he is not engaged with strikes and miners and policemen he is perfectly delightful. Perhaps that is why the table at which the Government and the men last deliberated was decorated with flowers. Mrs. W. W. Jacobs can go to hard labour without anybody's learning through the Press that she is one of the most beautiful women in England, but no striker escapes without compliments. Only let the representatives of Labour, now that they have got bouquets, see that they are properly served with food. Not long ago, a Minister found that he had to give lunch to the men with whom he had been discussing a Labour crisis. The clerks of the office were sped to the nearest grocer's for best tinned tongue and "clarct." But the Minister disappeared for an hour at the Carlton. Mr. Stanton must see to it.



WINTERING AT CAP MARTIN, AS HE HAS FOR SEVERAL YEARS: THE KING OF WÜRTTEMBERG (LEFT).

William II., King of Württemberg, was born at Stuttgart on February 25, 1848, son of Prince Frederick, who died in 1870, and Catherine, born Princess of Württemberg, who died in 1898. He succeeded his great-uncle's son, Charles I., in 1891. In February 1877 he married Marie, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, who died in 1882; in 1886 he married Charlotte, Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe. He has one daughter, Princess Pauline, who married Frederick, Prince of Wied, in 1898.—[Photo. by Navello.]

disappeared. She had come arrayed in an adaptation of the Empress of China's coronation robes, looted from Peking!

Below the Salt. It has been possible for several days to read of the charm of Mr. Stanton's manner,



AN ANGLO-INDIAN WEDDING: MR. LIONEL HENRY MANDER AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESS PRETIVA OF COOCH BEHAR.

The wedding of Mr. Lionel Henry Mander, second son of the late Samuel Theodore Mander, of Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton, and nephew of Sir Charles Mander, Bt., and Princess Pretiva, second daughter of his late Highness the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, took place in India recently. This photograph was taken just before they left Woodlands, Alipore, for their honeymoon in Europe.—[Photo. by Fleet.]



A PATRONESS OF THE CARPENTERS' SULLIVAN BOXING MATCH AT MONTE CARLO: THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

The Grand Duchess had a seat reserved for her at the match, a fact which caused comment in the society circles of Germany, more especially as boxing exhibitions are forbidden in Berlin. The Grand Duchess was known, when she was married in 1877, as Elizabeth, Princess of Anhalt.—[Photo. by E.N.A.]

AFTER THE GREAT CHIEFTAIN O' THE GAME FISH RACE!

LADIES ENGAGED IN ONE OF THE MOST COSTLY OF SPORTS: SALMON-FISHING IN SCOTLAND.



1. ON THE TWEED: MRS. BURRELL FISHING.

2. ON THE TWEED: MRS. BURRELL PLAYING A FINE FISH.

3. ON THE DEE, ABERDEENSHIRE: MRS. WARNER AT INCH MARLO.

4. ON THE TWEED: MRS. BURRELL.

5. ON THE DEE, ABERDEENSHIRE: MRS. WARNER WEIGHING A CATCH.

6. ON LORD PENRHYN'S ESTATE, NEAR BANCHORY: LADY PENRHYN FISHING.

7. ON THE TWEED: CAPTAIN AND LADY LAURA DOUGLAS.

"The Salmon (*Salmo salar*)"—we quote the "Encyclopædia of Sport"—"is the chief of what are known as game fish, in distinction from coarse fish. The rivers of Great Britain are naturally extremely prolific in this noble creature; but pollution, artificial obstructions, and excessive netting in the sea, the estuaries, and especially in the rivers themselves, have sadly reduced the opportunities of the angler. The consequence is that salmon-fishing has become one of the most costly sports, and none but men of ample means can afford to rent good angling waters."—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



"A MASTER OF ALL TRADES": MR. MORRIS CRONIN.

"A JACK of all trades" is the humorous way in which Mr. Morris Cronin, who is filling the most important place in the programme of the Empire, after the *revue*, describes himself. "A master of all," however, would be the phrase used by those who have seen him, and are informed that all the electrical and magical effects with which his turn begins are invented and manufactured by him, that he designs his own scenery, and that the unceasing business and the comedy effects have all been developed by his own fertile brain.

Although he is no stranger to London audiences, who have long recognised his exceptional skill, his present "act" has not been seen in London before. When next he appears at the West End it will be different and even better, for he spends hours every day inventing new things. The Patent Office sees the result of this constant work, for in the adaptation of electrical devices to his particular ends, Mr. Cronin has to invent novel apparatus, and to protect himself he takes out patents in all parts of the world. So advantageous have some of these been found that they will probably be put on the market for mercantile purposes. He has often worked for six months on some mechanical device, which has cost, perhaps, a couple of hundred pounds to perfect, and the first time he has tried to use it has smashed it up completely, and that within the space of ten seconds, so that he has had to begin all over again and, perhaps, on a different principle.

All these electrical effects are later embroidered on the turn with which he began his career. As a schoolboy, in his native America, he was taught to use Indian clubs, and determined to make club-swinging his profession. After some years of incessant work, his exquisite neatness began to be appreciated, engagements poured in, and he became established as the first man who ever got a "star" salary for an Indian club "act." With it he went all over the United States and came to Europe, where he has been seen in every city of any importance.

Gradually, the novelty of the "turn" wore off, for it was copied by others. It was then that he conceived the idea of utilising the services of other people, who would appear to be as skilful as himself, and thus introduce a certain amount of comedy into his turn. He makes his assistants practise every day for four hours, and invariably supervises part of their work himself. It is owing to this unceasing vigilance that his "act" has acquired its wonderful precision, as of a machine. To his own constant rehearsal is due the consummate ease with which he does his extraordinarily intricate tricks.

The electrical side of the show has not been without its drawbacks in other directions than those already indicated. In Russia, for instance, where the authorities are peculiarly suspicious about articles which seem to be imbued with explosive properties, they handle the two tons of baggage with which Mr. Cronin travels with a good deal of respect, and not a little suspicion. Happily, it does not last very long, for he always gives them a little impromptu performance, and shows them a few of the tricks for which the supposed "infernal machines" are designed.

In addition to his other accomplishments, he is an animal-trainer of considerable skill. At one time, he had a dog in his show which walked on its hind-legs so naturally, when made up as one of his servants, that it actually deceived the audience. He is very fond of dogs, and has had fifty in his kennels at once. Indeed, he has established two of his brothers in the variety world as the proprietors of dog shows, nearly all the animals in which have been trained by him. The watchwords of his methods are patience and understanding. He does not believe that it would be possible for anyone to train animals by fear to do the things he teaches them, for the trainer is never on the stage with them, and they go through their performance either because they like it or because it has become perfectly mechanical to them. The dog show of one of his brothers is coming to the Oxford Music Hall in the course of the next week or two. It will contain a decided novelty in the shape of two dogs who have been taught to box in a most realistic way.

Mr. Cronin's skill or hypnotic power with animals was strikingly shown on one occasion when he was in Sydney, N.S.W. There was

a parrot which was famous all over Australia, for authentic records showed that it was 114 years old, although it might have been, and probably was, older. It was so old that there was not a feather on it. It had been taught to say, "D'you dare me, d'you dare me; I'll fly."

As a curiosity, Mr. Cronin and his friends wanted to get a photograph of it. It was so bad-tempered, however, that nobody had been able to touch it during the thirty-five years that its owner had had it. It was suggested that by putting the cage on the lawn and opening the door the parrot might walk out and get on top of the cage so that a snapshot could be taken of it. The bird did leave the cage, but nothing would induce it to climb on top. Mr. Cronin then stretched himself on the grass

and put out his hand. Presently the parrot went to him, sat on his arm, let him hold it up to be taken, and seemed greatly depressed when, eventually, he put it back into its cage.



A TURN WHO MADE HER ENGLISH DÉBUT AT THE PALACE "IN RUBBERS": MISS GERTRUDE VANDERBILT.

It is characteristic of Miss Vanderbilt, who made her first appearance in England at the Palace last week, that she wished to come on to the stage of this country "in rubbers"; that is to say, quietly, without the preliminary "booming" that so often heralds stars of all sorts of magnitude. That she speedily "made good" is, in consequence, all the more striking. Miss Vanderbilt has had considerable experience in her own country in musical comedy, and has been associated, for example, with "Our Miss Gibbs" and "Peggy." She is partnered at the Palace by Mr. Clay Smith, an accomplished singer and dancer.

Photograph by Purdy and Co.



PRESENTED BY THE FOLLIES' CHIEF, PÉLISSIER'S PUNCHINELLOS, AT THE PALACE.

When he was busy at the Empire recently, Mr. Péliissier organised and presented the Punchinellos who are appearing at the Palace. Rumour hath it that the idea came to him while he was being run over by a taxi-cab, and that when he recovered consciousness it was found that the idea had not been crushed, but, on the contrary, had become consolidated, whereupon, Mr. Péliissier, on finding that a crowd had collected, immediately proceeded to try their voices, with the result that he speedily acquired an excellent company. We cannot vouch for the truth of this, and when questioned about it, Mr. Péliissier preserves a rotund, Adipose Rex-like silence.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

SANE NOR - NOR - WAY !



THE HOUSEHOLDER : Out you get ! You—you—you dod-gasted son of a Swede !

THE MUSICIAN (*inspired by thoughts of Amundsen*) : Dot 's vere I hafs you : I vos a Norwegian, of de South-Pole-Finders !

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

"HOW I ATTAINED THE POLE" (PERHAPS):

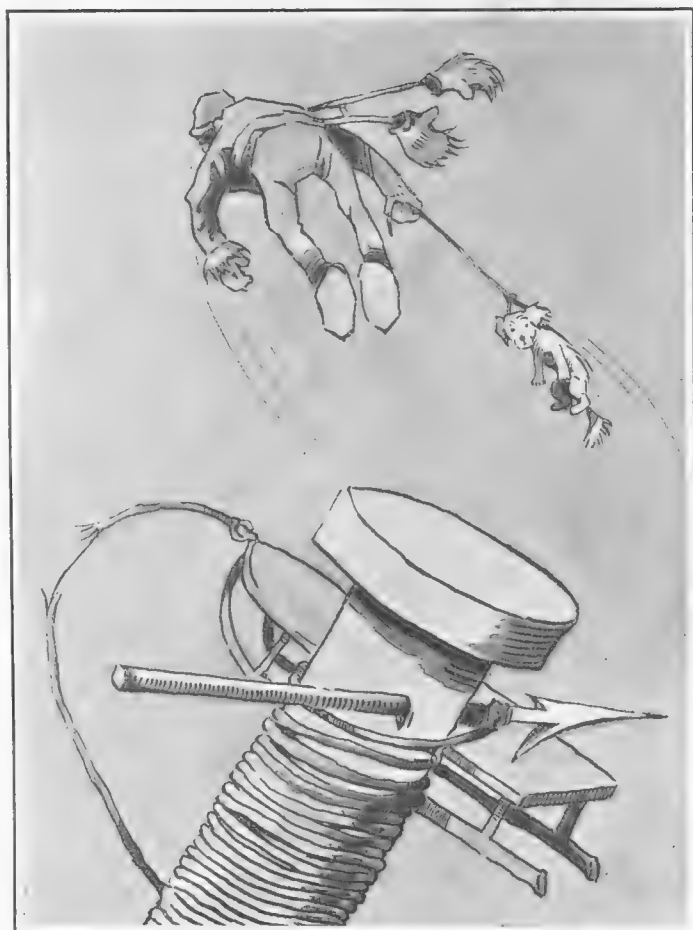
BY MUNCHAUSEN (BARON).



"My outfit was modest. It consisted of a harpoon-gun, as used by whalers, a sledge, and a single dog."



"Once my harpoon, fired from a distance, was fast in the Pole, each revolution of the earth brought me nearer my goal."



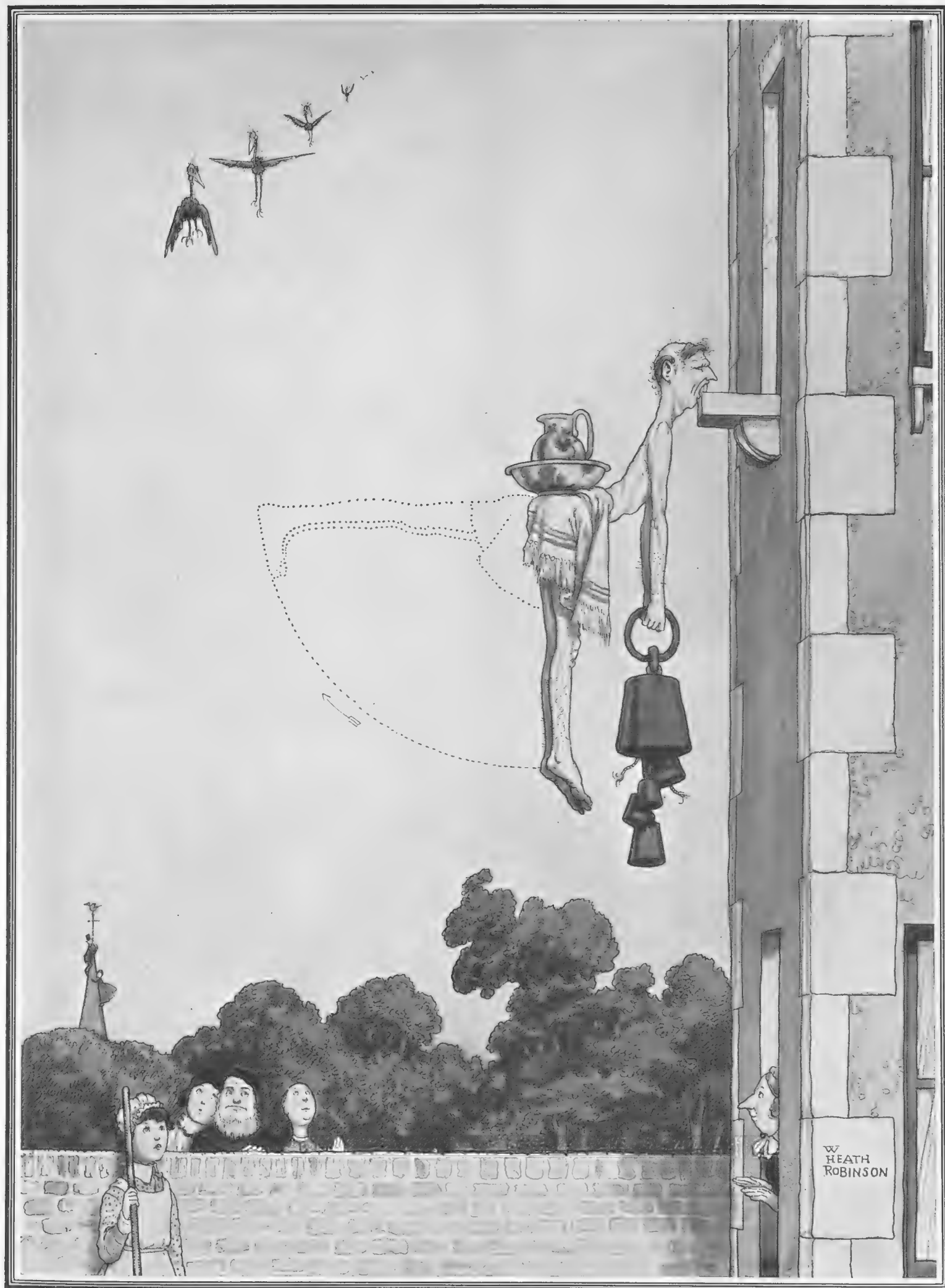
"In Latitude 89, the velocity was so great that I was hurled into space."



"Where I floated derelict—until I was attracted by an article in your valuable paper."

DRAWN BY EDGAR DOWNS.

If Unhealthy, Be Healthy; If Healthy, Be Healthier!



KEEP FIT EXERCISES: 1. THE BATH-ROOM WINDOW-SILL BITE—FOR STRENGTHENING THE FRONT TEETH AND DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES OF THE LEGS AND BACK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



PLUCKING THE RARE AND REFRESHING GOLDEN FRUIT OF MOROCCO.*

The "Unclean" Tax-Gatherer. Ye tax-gatherers of England, whose lot it is, as good servants of a Government, to follow up prying "form" with pestering, list to the story of some of those who ply their trade where Mulai Abdul Hafid is Sultan, and do not envy! Indeed, you cannot: think of the execration that might be yours. "The Moors look on this office with repugnance, which is illegal by Moslem law. Whoever may touch the clothes of one who collects the taxes is unclean, and cannot go to prayers until he has washed his clothes and made ablutions." Think well of that! And, having thought, learn that the rare and refreshing golden fruit of Morocco is plucked as often as not by those armed with weapons even more dangerous than summonses. The seed is sown in many cases when a prospective candidate is notified that it might be to his advantage to apply for a kaidship—price, to be paid to a high official, named as fifty thousand dollars, or less, according to opportunities. If he be of the bad old type, the newly appointed kaid "bleeds all profusely as soon as he arrives, and eats up all those who tried to outbid him at the court; hence they are never heard of again." Such country governors are left alone until they become rich; "then they are suddenly pounced upon when least expecting it, and thrown into prison, and often tortured to divulge where they have hidden their ill-gotten gains; while the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself—in fact, almost every Minister in turn, when he becomes rich, is dealt with in the same manner."

Remember, ye who hesitate not a little before paying taxes—in Morocco—that "if a Sultan desires to be held in esteem, he must send occasionally a number of heads for exhibition, to grace the gates of

the city, otherwise he is looked upon as one unworthy of homage." And the Sultan himself devotes intimate attention to rendering unto Cæsar. Mulai Mohammed was an adept in the matter. "The military expeditions, which are invariably led by the Sultan in person, have always a twofold object. The refractory tribes which pay only a nominal allegiance to his Shereefian Majesty require to be kept in check; but the primary object of all these expeditions is to collect revenue, the Government giving the several tribes a free hand to arrange their own domestic affairs. . . . At the outset the expedition makes a sudden onslaught on a weak tribe to strike terror into the others. Then arrangements are made with

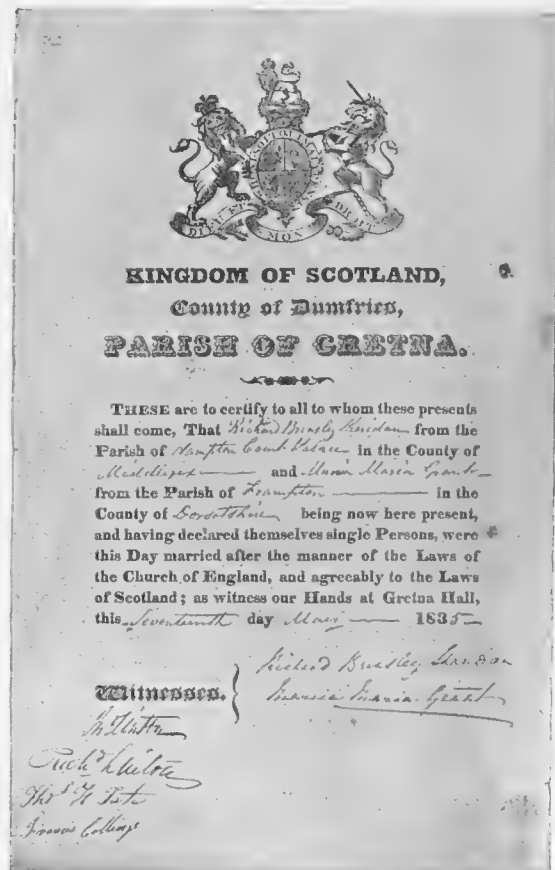
eating up some of their more powerful neighbours. About paying the imposed tax there are always scruples, but they have no alternative, and must comply. The proposal, however, to aid the Government in raiding another tribe is according to their liking, which they readily fall in with, and enjoy the prospect immensely." Thus is the wind tempered!

Assault and Battery?

Various officials get cash—even if they let the credit go—in other fashions; and they are always willing to learn. Dr. Kerr tells an amusing story bearing upon the point. A member of the suite of one of the southern governors, thinking to hoax the Doctor, who, by luck, heard of the scheme, came to him pretending to be ill, with his lord and master as witness. "I desire in the first place," said Dr. Kerr, "to find out the nature of your illness. I have here a wonderful instrument which our medical officers at home have found very useful in diagnosing obscure cases. It makes trial." "So, bringing an electric battery, I asked him to take hold of the handles, and before he was aware I gave him a good shock. Screaming from fright, he asked me to stop, as he was not ill. 'God has measured on you,' called out one of the party; 'did you think the Doctor a fool and not able to see you came to laugh at him?' The patient did not wait for further examination, but left as quickly as possible. The Governor, who was much amused, desired to have a trial also, but asked me to do it gently, which I did. Then, turning to his friends, he said, "Would not that machine make my subjects confess where they have their money hidden? One hundred dollars, just now, if you wish to part with it." I replied that it was not for sale; besides, it would be unlawful to give it at any price for such purposes. "Yes," retorted the Governor, "but if you had to raise as much money as I have to do for the Government, you might think any means lawful." Yet it may be said of the tax-gatherer and the tax-payer as it is of rival towns: "Until the sand become raisins and the river milk, there shall never be friendship between Rabat and Sallee."

"Morocco After Twenty-five Years."

Now let us make obeisance and due apologies to Dr. Kerr for having devoted ourselves only to what is, after all, a comparatively trivial part of an important and authoritative work, which will certainly find itself in good company on the historian's book-shelf. Had we more space at our disposal, we could discuss for columns its merits and its innumerable points of interest. As it is, it is impossible to say more than that those who wish to be up to date in their knowledge of a country which concerns quite a number of the Powers, and is itself concerned about those Powers, must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest "Morocco After Twenty-five Years; a Description of the Country, Its Laws and Customs, and the European Situation." They will find a duty a pleasure.



THE GRETTA GREEN MARRIAGE OF A FAMOUS DRAMATIST'S GRANDSON: THE CERTIFICATE OF THE MARRIAGE OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

The Richard Brinsley Sheridan of the certificate was the grandson of the dramatist, orator, and politician.

It makes trial." "So, bringing an electric battery, I asked him to take hold of the handles, and before he was aware I gave him a good shock. Screaming from fright, he asked me to stop, as he was not ill. 'God has measured on you,' called out one of the party; 'did you think the Doctor a fool and not able to see you came to laugh at him?' The patient did not wait for further examination, but left as quickly as possible. The Governor, who was much amused, desired to have a trial also, but asked me to do it gently, which I did. Then, turning to his friends, he said, "Would not that machine make my subjects confess where they have their money hidden? One hundred dollars, just now, if you wish to part with it." I replied that it was not for sale; besides, it would be unlawful to give it at any price for such purposes. "Yes," retorted the Governor, "but if you had to raise as much money as I have to do for the Government, you might think any means lawful." Yet it may be said of the tax-gatherer and the tax-payer as it is of rival towns: "Until the sand become raisins and the river milk, there shall never be friendship between Rabat and Sallee."



A LONDONERS' WEDDING AT GRETTA GREEN: A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF 1845.

"In Scotland," to quote Brewer, "all that is required of contracting parties is a mutual declaration before witnesses of their willingness to marry; so that elopers reaching the parish of Graitney, or village of Springfield, could get legally married without either license, banns, or priest. The declaration is usually made to the blacksmith." The two certificates of Gretna Green marriages which are reproduced on this page are from the collection of original certificates which Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge are to offer for sale on the 29th of this month, together with one of the original Gretna Green marriage registers.

several other tribes for a fixed sum to be paid down, and a free pardon on condition that they join with the Shereefian army in

* "Morocco After Twenty-five Years." By Dr. Robert Kerr. With Maps and Illustrations. (Murray and Evenden. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN KIPPS LAND.



THE CUSTOMER: Is that a real ostrich-feather?

THE DRAPER: What, for tenpence! Oh, no, Madam; "Ostrich" is merely its nom-de-plume!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE LOVE - OFFERING.

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

(See Page Illustration in this Issue.)

ON a crag of sandstone, the highest point in all the country round, Saji, shading his eyes from the sun-blaze, stood gazing towards the south. The Saribas country lay behind him, and before him the jungle stretching towards the Sekrang river; vast plains of waving green lay beyond the river, and, sixty miles away, gauze-blue beneath the sapphire sky, Mount Kling-Kang, with its double hump, lay watching like a guard on the frontier of Dutch Borneo.

It was May, and just after the rains, and the air was filled with scents of vanilla, perfumes from the jungle, hints of vegetable decay from the falling rivers. Growth, like some gigantic beast, half-animal, half-vegetable, was alive in the land; you could smell it; you could see its traces in the newer green of the primeval woods, and at dark you could hear its tongue when the forest awoke and boomed with a thousand voices.

Saji belonged to the Saribas tribe of Dayaks. Clean-built, straight as a dart, and five feet five inches in height, he was a splendid specimen of the sea Dayak. Leaving out the Punan stabbing-spear clasped in his right hand, the scar on his left thigh just above the knee-cap, and a hint of potential ferocity in that mouth—pursed, now, as if against the kisses of the sun—he was not displeasing, almost a mild figure with a not unkindly face; a type common amongst the sea Dayaks of the Saribas and Batang Lupar rivers.

Saji was eighteen, and in love with a girl who wore numerous armlets and ankle-rings, brass corsets, and a crimson flower in the blackness of her hair: a girl who had come straight up from primeval times, carrying the night of the forests in her eyes; who had reached but never crossed the fence dividing her world from civilisation, gazing across it, half-startled, at the white men, those reputed ghosts of the Antu-Jalan.

Chaya was her name. She smelt of musk, and Saji, under the spell of her eyes, felt like a man lost and swimming in a twilit sea, or lost and wandering in an unknown forest; and when away from her he felt lost in a world that had no good thing to offer him but the girl with the corsets of brass—or death.

He had been like this for a month now, had fallen away from his food, had known nights when he had counted the hours from the first outburst of the cicadas, frogs, and grasshoppers in their evening hymn, to the yooing and gurgling of the gibbons at dawn. He had dropped the paddle for the spear and gone hunting in the forest, dropped the spear for the paddle and the swiftly driven prahu and the fishing-stakes; it was useless, and the world seemed fading away from him till last night when, flinging himself at her feet and holding her ankles, he had poured out his mind as a burst wine-skin pours out its contents, or a man his blood when felled and beheaded with the kriss.

She would have him, but not before he had found her the gift of gifts; he must prove himself a man, before attempting to prove himself a lover, by the proof which bears the seal of the sea and the everlasting forests. He left the village at dawn, and he had reached the point where he now stood.

The Saribas and the Sekrang Dayaks were for the moment at war, and the whole Sekrang country lay before Saji, from Mount Sadok to the Sekrang river.

The wind of May blew hot, billowing the jungle foliage, sweeping across the grass plains; flocks of coloured birds broke from the trees, starred the air, dissolved and vanished; a tourmaline-tinted butterfly, six inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, passed the gazer, and from the woods below and the grass around the tune of the cicadas rose, shaking the air with its vibrations. One might have fancied the great blue dome of sky an inverted glass thrilled into tune by some rubbing finger.

But Saji was as deaf to the tune of the cicadas as the dead are to the songs of spring, and as blind to the trees and the birds and

the butterflies as the Sphinx to the desert sand. One thing only held him as he stood motionless with hand shading his eyes—a break in the jungle far away by the grass plains that led to the Sekrang river. He was steadily eating the point with his eyes; it was as though he were feeding some living compass in his brain, taking in direction as a man takes in food before starting on a journey.

Then, having gazed his fill, he came down from the crag and made for the trees.

Ten minutes later he was among them. It was like entering a house, a house with a roof of a thousand square leagues supported on ten million pillars. A house heavy scented and with jalousies drawn against the sun; a mansion of wonders and wild surprises. Through the green-tinted gloom air-shoots sprang roofwards, and from the roof cables sagged earthwards, rough and brown as the cables of old sea-going ships, yet glorious with the bloom of clinging orchids; the scutter of monkeys could be heard in the leaves overhead, and the great steady hand of the wind like the hand of a mesmerist lulling the trees to sleep.

This was the home of the tree leopard and wild cat, the orangutan and the wild pig; the proboscis monkey, the feather-tailed rat, the foot-high toad, and the hamadryad; fabulous life among the fabulous wealth of the rubber and sago trees, the rubber-vines and the measureless abundance of the camphor, cutch, and dammar wildernesses.

Saji was following a path where, to an untrained eye, there was no path at all. He had been following it for half-an-hour when, suddenly, pausing as though a hand had been laid upon his shoulder, he listened.

For a moment he stood motionless as the trees around him, then he dived into the undergrowth. A minute passed and then came a sound; another minute and six Sekrang Dayaks, armed and out to kill, broke through the trees. They came along the path at a trot and vanished like an evil dream whilst Saji, crawling from his hiding-place, resumed his way. The path rose gently and then fell towards a morass where the nipah palm, that lover of water, grew thick and drank deep amidst the slimy ooze. A mile beyond the morass Saji came to the break in the jungle he had marked down from the distant hill. The trees began to thin out, and he knew that in a few hundred yards he would sight the village that he was in search of; and he knew that, from the village, people were continually straying into the jungle for this purpose or that—men, women, and children—and it did not matter in the least to him whether the head he had come in search of was the head of a man, woman, or child. The head was the main thing, the gift of gifts, the charter of his manhood, bearing the seal of the savagery of the sea and the everlasting forests.

Going more cautiously now, he suddenly stopped. A sound had reached his ears, the sound of a hammer on metal.

Slipping from tree-bole to tree-bole towards the sound, he came within full sight of the maker of it. It was Kling, a young man of the Sekrang tribe, of about the same age as Saji. Kling was seated on the ground with his back towards the oncomer. Before him was a little anvil of hard wood, and on the anvil lay a rod of copper which he was fashioning into a bangle. The sea Dayaks are past-masters in the art of metal-work, and Kling was an artist. Mild of face, almost kindly of expression, humming a fragment of a love-song, old as love in Borneo, Kling sat hammering at his bangle, unconscious of evil. There was no one to be seen at all but the metal-worker, and not a sound came from the village that was still some way distant.

Saji had now half-eliminated himself from the scene of his doings. He was visible only by flashes. Now he was not, nor was anything to be seen but Kling and the trees; now he was born to sight for the second of time that it took him to reach his next shelter.

Twenty paces from Kling he paused, took in his breath, and

(Continued overleaf.)

COMPANION TO A COPPER BANGLE: "THE LOVE-OFFERING."



THE GIFT OF KLING TO THE SEKRANG MAIDEN OF HIS CHOICE: THE HEAD OF A SARIBAS DAYAK,
WITH A CROWN OF FINE-WOVEN PALM-LEAF AND A WOVEN RATAN SLING.

"Then Kling stood up with the head of Saji in his hand. Holding it by the long hair, he stalked off to his hut and wrapped it in leaves. . . Next morning, Kling . . . began the preparation of his trophy. He made a crown for it of fine-woven palm-leaf and crowned it; then, with his own hands, he wove around it the ratan sling which surrounds it still. Then the drying of the thing began over the smoke of a slow fire, and the drying took a weary, long time, but was at last completed and in time for his marriage with the girl of his heart. Forty years ago he died . . . and nothing remains of the life of Kling but this love-token, snatched from a lover, according to the law of love which rules even our civilisation no less than the older civilisations of the jungle and the sea."

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. WYLIE. (SEE "A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL," BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, IN THIS ISSUE.)

prepared for the last rush. He knew exactly the spot to strike in the neck so that there would be no outcry, and he was raising the stabbing-spear for its work and crouching for the first dozen long, deathly, cat-like steps, when—*ph!*—from behind came a tiny sound, and something hit him on the raised arm. It was a blow-pipe dart, and as he wheeled, well knowing what had happened, another struck him on the under-lip, and he saw perched in a branch of the tree behind him a boy, blow-pipe in hand and mirth blazing in his eyes. The boy was laughing, and Saji, now caring not one whit about Kling or love, heedless of everything but the death that was clinging to him by shoulder and lip, and wild to strike that grinning face before the darkness closed on him, flung back his hand, clutching the spear.

But his arm had become as the arm of a little child, yet as rigid as an arm of steel, and when he tried to cry out at the face his cry was like the cry of a dying dog: *hough! hough! hough!* a sound that haunted his brain as he fell knees first, and then lips, to earth under the upas poison that had found his heart.

"Not a monkey came for me to shoot," said the boy; "then came this ape creeping at you between the trees—look, he is a Saribas, and had I not been here your head would have been in his hand, O Kling."

"As his is now in mine," said Kling.

He did not thank the boy, but promised him a gift; then, taking the parang which lay beside him, he knelt beside the body of Saji whilst the boy jumped about him as a trapped monkey jumps, and the *sick-krick-crackle* of the parang sounded softly amongst the leaves.

Then Kling stood up with the head of Saji in his hand. Holding it by the long hair, he stalked off to his hut and wrapped it in leaves. Then he went back to his metal-work.

That night just after moonrise, Kling, with a new-made bangle in his belt and a bundle under his arm, left his village and struck along by the forest. He was making for a village three miles to the east just where the jungle, putting out a spur, comes down to the rolling Sekrang river; to his left lay the silently flowing stream, and to his right the jungle singing with a thousand voices to the moon, the great brazen moon, new-risen and seeming to radiate heat as well as light.

Beside a mangrove-tree by the river-bank and close to the village he saw a form, now in the full moonlight and now taking shelter in the mangrove-shade. It was she. . . . He had sent a message telling her of his coming with a gift, and when he caught sight of her, instead of quickening his pace, he paused, stooped, hid the bundle he had been carrying amidst the long grass, and then, rising up, approached her. He was a brave man, yet his heart failed him for a moment, and then it leaped up in him as she turned

with the moonlight striking half her face and half her body, so that he could see her breast and profile like silver against the black shades of the trees.

She was absolutely cold, cold as night in the forest, and silent as one of those little, tiny streams that flow three-finger-wide, saying just a liquid word now and then, yet flowing, all the same, to become part at last of the great Sekrang river.

The bangle which he had taken from his belt and was now holding in his hand seemed to have no power to make her turn her eyes to it again after the first glance, but the wily Kling, far from being cast down, felt elated. The work of his art might be scorned, yet he felt in himself the power to make her turn to him, and in her he divined the fact that love was not absent, only frozen and masked with ice.

He moved away from the tree, and half-unconsciously she moved by his side, listening to his love story, yet scarcely seeming to hear it.

"A little further," said Kling, as she paused, and "a little further," as she paused again. "I have brought you this," holding the bangle up in the moonlight, "I beat the copper with my own hands, and every stroke of the hammer was struck for you; but it is nothing—nothing. It is not my fighting arm that you see in this—but look." He slipped down on one knee amidst the grass, disclosed the bundle, opened it, and showed the head.

The head of Saji looked strangely peaceful in the moonlight, and the girl bending to look at it might have been the girl that Saji had loved, for she, too, wore brass corsets and bangles around her ankles and on her perfectly formed arms; but her face was different, with the indefinable difference that marks the Sekrang apart from the Saribas women, in whom the eyes alone are alike and filled with the darkness of the forest and the sea.

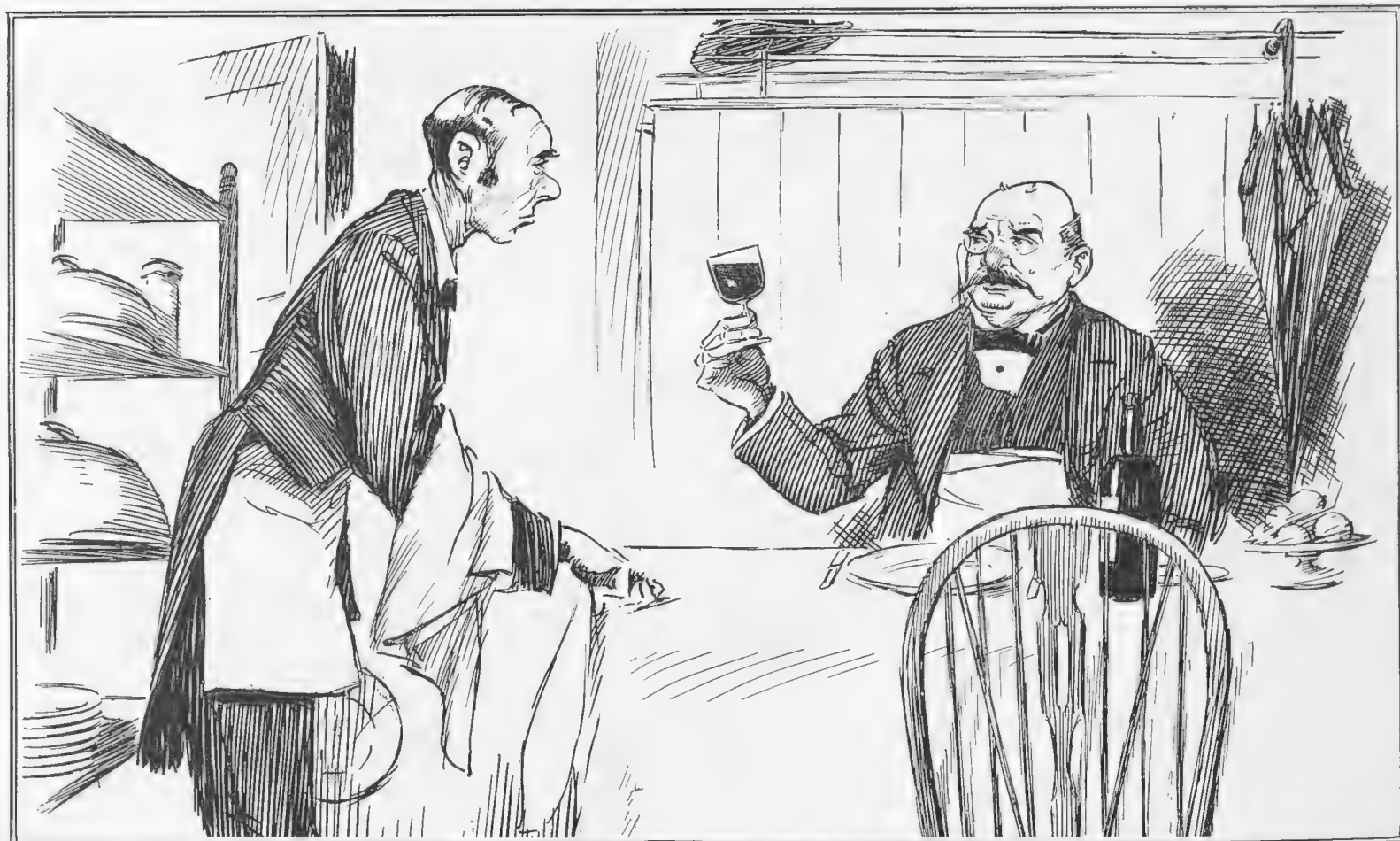
When Kling rose to his feet she turned to him and held out her hand for the bangle.

Next morning, Kling, having returned to his own village, began the preparation of his trophy. He made a crown for it of fine-woven palm-leaf and crowned it; then, with his own hands, he wove around it the ratan-sling which surrounds it still.

Then the drying of the thing began over the smoke of a slow fire, and the drying took a weary, long time, but was at last completed and in time for his marriage with the girl of his heart.

Forty years ago he died, following his wife to the grave, and the head of Saji passed through many adventures before reaching the collection where it lies. And nothing remains of the life of Kling but this love-token, snatched from a lover, according to the law of love which rules even our civilisation no less than the older civilisations of the jungle and the sea.

THE END.



THE CUSTOMER: Look here, waiter! There's a grey hair in this port!

THE WAITER: Yes, Sir; very likely, Sir—you see, that wine is over two hundred years old.

DRAWN BY FRANK FYCHE.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The Ladies Begin.

Marry, come up! Somehow, although frequently used by swashbucklers and pirates in old times, there seems to be a touch of femininity about this phrase, and yet it suggests a certain robustness, does it not? That is why I use it now, because the ladies have started their spring season, being, as usual, the first to do so. This very week they foregather at Ranelagh, and there play for fine trophies and decide international matches and important stroke competitions. Thereafter they will be busy all the time until next Christmas—and afterwards. Mrs. Miller, the most wonderful hon. secretary of the L.G.U., whose enterprise and indefatigability do but increase now that she is no longer Miss Issette Pearson, has been to Scotland completing arrangements for the forthcoming championship meeting at Turnberry, which promises to beat all records, for all the hotel accommodation in the immediate locality has been already taken. Then the L.G.U. has held its annual meeting of council, has noted the fact that it now embraces 409 clubs, has passed the new handicap rules, and had some good discussion on the already much-discussed L.G.U. system. It all seems to be very excellently done, and I congratulate every one of the ladies who are concerned, and especially the genius of the organisation.

The Perfect System.

The only doubt that ever comes into my mind is whether the game, the actual playing of it, with all its fearful doubts, uncertainties, reversals, and general contrariness, will permit of standards and systems with a basis of mathematical calculation working out at all properly. Sometimes, when I have unconsciously done something that has pleased the gods immensely, I play a few holes that would beat the best ball of any two living golfers, but then relapse into the old weary sort of game—you know. It must be the same with the ladies; so how about systems, and such exactnesses as are indicated in this item from an official report—"That the standard was supposed to be the standard of a champion player in medal play, and if handicap players were allowed to play every day champion players would have to be allowed to do the same, and all the



GOLFERS TO KNOW: II.—MR. ROBERT DUNLOP, CAPTAIN OF THE TROON GOLF CLUB.

Photographs by Annan and Sons.

whereupon I apologise, and plead that I have never indulged in superior sarcasms, like some others. Then, in a few days a beginning will be made with the first Ladies' Parliamentary Handicap, open to the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of any man who has been in Parliament during the last ten years; and there are to be two days of this to start with at Ranelagh, and a fine business it will be and a credit, I am sure, to Miss Mabel Stringer, who is organising it and working very hard. And mention of this lady reminds me that the gentler golfers—but not so very gentle as you might think when it comes to tee shots and bunker jabs—have now a golf journal of their own, and a very pretty and exceedingly well done monthly is *Ladies' Golf*, which will always be welcome in club-houses, boudoirs, and other places of that kind. And then, lo! mention of club-houses reminds me that the ladies have determined to have a golf social club of their very own at Whitehall Court, where the new L.G.U. offices are likewise going to be. They have passed all the necessary resolutions, and appointed the necessary committees, and the club is to be open next month. What tremendous energy and enthusiasm these girls have got! I believe that the time will come when I shall take tea in that new club.

A Big Competition.

Brimful of interest is this new season going to be, and foremost among the great events is the *Lady's Pictorial* competition, managed officially by the L.G.U. for prizes to the value of £200. All the particulars are now published. There will be qualifying competitions as follows: North, at Starbeck (Harrogate), on May 2; South-East, at New Zealand, Byfleet, on the same day, and in North Middlesex, on May 6; South-West, at Burnham (Somerset), on March 15; Midlands, at Handsworth, on April 30; East Scotland, at Lossiemouth, on June 10; and St. Andrews, on May 29; West Scotland, at Western Gailes, on March 27; Ireland, at Portrush, on April 12; and Wales, at Llandrindod, on a date to be fixed. The two best scratch scores, the two best scores under handicap from scratch to 12, and the two best from 13 to 25 in each division will qualify to play in the final match play tournament



DURING THE TEEING OF HIS BALL.



A PRACTICE SWING BEFORE DRIVING.

MARK—FORE! MR. MARK HAMBOURG, THE FAMOUS PIANIST, ON THE LINKS.

pars would have to be lowered three to five strokes?" This seems fearfully mechanical and efficient, as one might say. I have never seen a sausage-machine at work, but it always occurs to me when considering the L.G.U. system that it has some of the points that a good sausage-machine must have. (N.B.—I am saying this respectfully.) The answer of the ladies to me is that, as I do know very well, the system is sound and works out perfectly in practice,

at Stoke Poges on June 26 and 27, the winner of each class receiving a cup, and the runner-up a small replica, while memento medals will be presented by the *Lady's Pictorial* to all who qualify and play in the final tournament. All the most prominent lady golfers are taking part in the organisation of this exceedingly thorough and interesting competition, which is certain to be an even greater success this year than it was last.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

FEATHERS OFF OUR WINGS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

SEEING that the average man admits that he does not quite understand us, it is not surprising that savants in general and naturalists in particular should understand us not at all. Naturalists are too near things as they should be—and they are ignorant of women in proportion to all they know of Nature. There is a kind-hearted German professor of Stuttgart who has been actually making a pathetic appeal to women on behalf of the bird—that link between us and the angels. Writing humane articles is quite an innocent pastime, and I should be sorry to discourage anyone from doing it. However, it is not likely that spectacled people peruse my Frivolities, and so I can tell frankly how pathetic is to me that naïve trust men of science show in woman's pity. Does Professor Shillings really hope that this touching exposé of his on the sufferings of birds tortured alive, and of their young left to starve in the nest, will have with women the weight of a feather? Is it then that illusions keep better in Universities than in girls' convents? Women know—women knew before Professor Shillings' article—how their hats came by their feathers. What of that? Why should woman be influenced by a picture of the suffering of birds when she is for ever accepting suffering for herself in order that she may be beautiful—by beautiful I mean, of course, conventionally beautiful? Why should the fate of motherless baby birds touch her when she is ready to jeopardise the health and symmetry of her own unborn children, so that she shall measure eighteen inches round the waist?

Let a humane naturalist examine the naked foot of a coquette, and he will feel at least as full of pity for her as for an aigrette or an ostrich. Is it likely that a woman stoical enough to dance, smile, and prattle in shoes two sizes too small for her will commiserate a colibri? Did the Spartan boy give a thought to the orphaned young of the fox? To look at the tortured toes of the woman is to know her

spoil her own? The carcase of a bird, vainly slain, is very pitiful, but the skeleton of corseted woman is a thing sadder still. Oh! that poor, almost closed-in thoracic cage, where a vain heart was prisoner: your birds, dear Professor, had at least liberty. Oh! those poor deformed omoplates that stuck out where the whalebone permitted: your birds, dear Professor, had at least spread their wings.

What if the race of migratory pigeons from America is, as you say, practically extinct? Is not civilised woman deliberately measuring extinction to her own race? If pigeons are becoming rare, Sir, so are babies.

Also, why should your whole sympathy go to feathered victims? For there are others, many others, and there shall be until that third sex is quite evolved, which shall be called the superwomen. Until then the Moloch of woman's vanity has to be fed somehow. I am sorry for the birds, but you accord too much importance to the Moloch's mere hors d'œuvres. What about the kids flayed to death before life had claimed them? What about the whale from which our physical support is taken?—it is said that the whale is a particularly sensitive animal. What about the tortoise?—does it, do you think, shed its shell gladly that we may have blonde pins to match our hair? What about the ermine of fatal purity? What about the fox whose ruse avails him nothing, and all other creatures accursed with fur?

What about the pearl-divers, towards whom sharks are so partial? What about sweated machines that have just enough of the woman in them to feel fatigue and hunger—what of their descendants? What about the embroideress, the lace-maker, with the round back and red-rimmed eyes? What about the lady's-maid who seldom tastes a full night of sleep? What about the harassed shop-girl with headaches and varicose veins? What about the Breton peasant-women, robbed of their wealth of hair for a red-and-blue handkerchief?

Birds are things of beauty, no doubt, but things of beauty, in spite of Keats, are short-lived joys. Have you reflected that butterflies also are beautiful, and that these the birds have no compunction in gobbling up? Cruelty all round, from an army to a flea! You and I, dear Professor, would have managed things better, but we can only say our say, and mine is soon over. Yet this I will add—to say to woman that a thing is not humane is not an effective argument. If you could only persuade her that it is not the fashion!

Consider, dear Professor, that all these holocausts, all these cruelties, all these annihilations—why, they are so many feathers in her cap.



DETERMINED TO HAMMER "NO VOTES FOR WOMEN" INTO THE NATION: EARL CURZON AND LORD WEARDALE, THE NEW PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

Lord Curzon, unkindly and unfairly rhymed with "superior person," is, perhaps, best known for the important work he did as Viceroy of India, although his other claims to the laurel-wreath of fame are numerous. In 1895 he married Mary Victoria (died 1906), daughter of L. Z. Leiter, of Washington. Lord Weardale was formerly in the Royal Navy, and, later, well known in the House of Commons. He was made a Baron in 1906. He is the youngest son of the fifth Earl Stanhope. In 1877, he married Alexandra, daughter of Count Cancrino, and widow of Count Tolstol.

Photographs by Hopf and Swaine.



AS THE POLICE MIGHT LIKE TO SEE HER AGAIN: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST IN PRISON GARB.

Miss Pankhurst, the Child of Destiny, being "wanted" on a conspiracy charge, the police described her as follows: "Aged about twenty-six; height about 5 ft. 6 in.; fresh complexion, eyes dark, hair dark brown; usually wears a green tailor-made costume and a large, fashionable hat." Later this was altered in one particular: the age was made thirty-one.

Photograph by L.N.A.

Spartan heart—is she likely to give a thought to famishing herons, the heroine who is starving herself for the sake of line? Is she likely to pity the discomfort of a flamingo, she who makes slits in her ears or her nose, according to country, therein to stick diamonds or fishbones? Is she likely to respect Nature's beauty, she whose ambition is to



ARE WE DOWN-HEARTED? NO! A SUFFRAGETTE STATIONED OUTSIDE BOW STREET POLICE COURT DURING THE HEARING OF CONSPIRACY CHARGES, AFTER THE WINDOW-BREAKING CAMPAIGN.

Photograph by Sport and General.



The Grand Prix Cars Drawn.

to be excited by the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, which is now definitely fixed for June 25 and 26 next. The draw for the start was made at the club's headquarters on the Place de la Concorde last week, with results that indicate the absolute fairness of the ballot. Although a French car, a Darracq, starts first, she is followed away by a German, and next is an English car—one of the Sunbeams. Fifty-eight cars in all were drawn, and as the course measures but 47.8 miles in circuit, it is certain that the first cars off will have made one round before the tail is away. This must result in a good deal of bewilderment, except for those who keep their eyes glued to the number-board, and even then the knowledge they will acquire will always be considerably behind the actual condition of events. Although the race is set down for a Tuesday and a Wednesday, there is sure to be a huge English attendance.

A Promising Paraffin Carburetter.

ventured to suggest that a fortune, yea, riches beyond the dreams of avarice, assuredly awaited the inventor of the perfect paraffin carburetter; or if not the inventor, at least those concerned in its production. Since those words saw the light, my attention has been drawn to a carburetter which, I am assured, will permit of the use of paraffin as a fuel for the internal-combustion engines of motor-cars, as at present used, and with results as to power obtained and cleanliness of exhaust equal in all respects to those resulting from the lighter oil. But claims like these have been made times without number on behalf of various inventions, and I should feel inclined so to regard these but for the fact that this particular apparatus is to be put upon the market and vouched for by a firm already handling one of the most successful petrol carburetters at present in general use.

Self-Starters on British Cars.

Those of our British manufacturers who are anxious to add a selling talking-point to their chassis should at once take into serious consideration the attachment and fitting of a simple but nevertheless reliable form of self-starter. The Adams Manufacturing Company, of Bedford, are the only native firm at the moment who fit a self-starter and include it in their standard chassis, and if our people on this side of the Atlantic are in any way to withstand

Not all the cubical-content racing which is to ensue at Brooklands during the coming season will attract a tithe of the attention that is sure

the competition which every day becomes keener from the other side, something of the kind will have to be done. Self-starters will be found on several American cars presently to find their way to this country. Indeed, one is here already, in the shape of the Page car, introduced by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., of 45, Great Marlborough Street, W. This car is fitted with an acetylene self-starter, which is guaranteed to start the engine up from dead cold after any period of standing by. However this may be, I think our own people would do better to pin their faith to mechanical starters like the Adams.



A £60 MOTOR-CAR! A 3½ HORSE-POWER AUTOMOBILE, WHICH WEIGHS 328 LB.

This car has just made its appearance in Paris. Built to hold two, it costs about 1500 francs (£60), is of 3½ horse-power, and weighs about 328 lb., or a little under 3 cwt., when ready for the road.—(Photograph by Delius.)

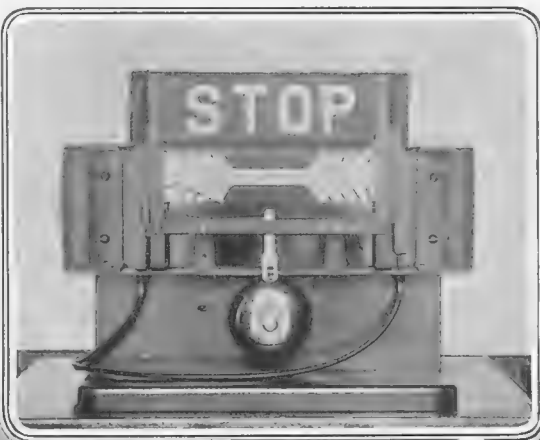
Warning Signals. The possessors of such agreeable warning signals as Gabriel Horns, Autochimes, and the like may, even in the face of the Local Government regulation touching cut-outs, take heart of grace, though they do intercept the exhaust, for sounding purposes, between the engine and the silencer. It would

appear that the regulation can be read in such wise that, so long as the note issuing from the instrument is not an unpleasant one, the regulation will not apply. But in the case of devices which emit horrible, ghoulis, wailing, and ear-splitting vibrations—sounds, indeed, which are a hundred times more objectionable than a straightforward cut-out—the regulation may be brought into effect. As I think I have already suggested in these Notes, the Local Government Board would be well advised to give permissive power to the Royal Automobile Club in the matter of all instruments for use in giving warning signals on motor-cars.

The Guides of the R.A.C.

Within a very short time the members of the Royal Automobile Club, and of the associated clubs, together with the large number of individual associates, which is increasing rapidly month by month, will enjoy equally with the members of the Automobile Association the comfort of road patrols or guides. The whole scheme is in course of organisation at the hands of an energetic committee, who have already settled the details of the men's uniform and their duties. Excellent as is the service of the A.A., there is room and to spare for the uniformed men of the senior organisation, and no overlapping need result. Indeed, it would be well, when the A.A. officials have purged their sudden chagrin, if the two bodies could arrange so to distribute their forces that no two patrols worked over the same section, and the

services to be rendered by one patrol to the members of one body should be accorded by the patrols of the other body, and vice versa. If this were done, it would go far towards that fusion of automobile interests which is so greatly desired.



FAR BETTER THAN THE RAISED HAND: AN AUTOMATIC INDICATOR FOR MOTOR-CARS, TO SHOW WHEN THE CAR IS ABOUT TO TURN TO RIGHT OR LEFT AND WHEN IT IS ABOUT TO STOP.

Our correspondent writes: "This automatic traffic-indicator for automobiles and other vehicles is affixed at the rear of the car over the number-plate. The small lever and control-box may be affixed to any part of the car. By its use an arrow pointing left or right, as the case may be, is shown on the indicator-plate. When the car is about to stop the word 'Stop' is shown legibly above the number-plate. The control-plate is made so that it is impossible for two signs to appear simultaneously, and every time the indicator works a bell is rung which draws attention to the displayed sign. This automatic arrangement is a great improvement on the antiquated method of hand-waving."

Photographs by Fleet Agency.

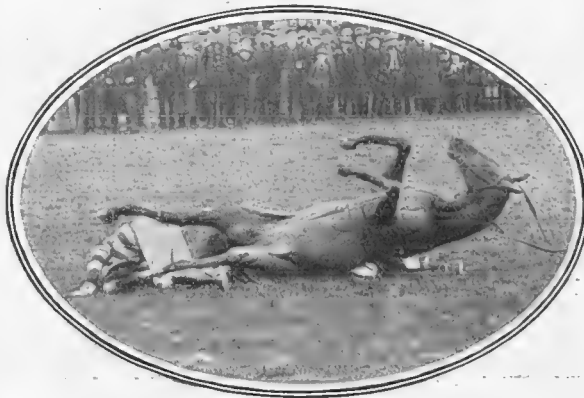


By CAPTAIN COE.

Flat Racing.

The 1912 season under Jockey Club rules opens on Monday next. It is not an occasion for gush and sentiment, but one cannot refrain from a certain satisfaction that National Hunt sport will from that day, with the exception of the race for the Grand National, take a secondary place. Try as one will, it is very difficult to get the ordinary man interested in jumping, and he hails with joy the last week in March, for from that point onwards, for eight months, he has something that is more to his taste. He has probably heard in a nebulous sort of way of the prominent men connected with steeplechasing, but he betrays no enthusiasm over them, whereas he will discourse without tiring of those connected with flat racing. All classes of people interested in racing welcome the "saddling-bell on the Carholme" that never tinkles, but the joy is greatest in the camp of those who go the rounds of the meetings. Many associations are renewed, and there is a swing about the business both in the paddock and in the ring that comes as a vivid contrast after four months that are mostly dull. As regards the horses, however, the oft-repeated references to those that jump hurdles as being of a lower class than those that race on the flat are ridiculous; a reference to the book of races

matter of 3 st. 5 lb. On their racecourse deeds he is well qualified to do so, and public running is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, more reliable than that shown in trial gallops, especially when a trial takes place so long before a race as that in which Warfare took part. Mercutio has been going great guns at Newmarket, and is confidently expected to score a second victory, but I should always back Hornet's Beauty to beat him at 10 lb.—a remark that also applies to Sunspot and Spanish Prince. Braxted has been doing well on his work, and I hear good accounts of Sobieski (who is, however, unreliable), Toiler, and Spiked. Of the Irish-bred horses, I fancy Bachelor's Tax will turn out best. My selection will be found under "Monday Tips."



MILFOIL COMES TO GRIEF AT THE WATER-JUMP IN THE SOUTHAM SELLING STEEPLECHASE AT CHELTENHAM: CAPTAIN C. NOEL NEWTON THROWN.

Captain Newton is the owner of Milfoil.—[Photograph by Topical.]

National Hunt Season.

The National Hunt Season has not produced anything great in the way of promising young horses in either branch of the sport. Several hurdleracers of merit have been introduced, but it is probable that they are nothing out of the ordinary, judging by the way they have been beating each other. Rock Dust may be an exception, but it is too early to stamp him as such. Since running third to Château Vert and Ilston at Newbury on the last day of November,



SEVEN DOWN AT THE FIRST FENCE IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE AT CHELTENHAM: A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF THE MISHAPS.

Neptune III. fell at the first fence and brought down Parakitoe. As a result Mackney, Lassington, Ben Chouzie, Sandeman, and Brushwood also came down.—[Photograph by Topical.]

past will show that many victories are scored by despised hurdle-racers in the early part of the flat-race season. They have in most cases one great advantage over animals that have been kept on the training-grounds all the winter—they are fit; and that counts for more than weight or class—while the season is young, at any rate.

The Lincoln.

The Lincolnshire Handicap, to be run next Tuesday, will afford us an opportunity of arriving at a more definite estimate of the standard of Sir W. Cooke's Hornet's Beauty. People are so fond of saying that he beat nothing last year, that one is apt to take it for granted that such is the case; whereas a glance at the record of his running at Liverpool last spring, and at Ascot in the summer, reveals that, without any trouble at all, he beat some very good horses. I don't take much heed of the time-test as applied to horse-racing, but for the benefit of those who do, I may remark that on the clock Hornet's Beauty has a very good chance. Clorane holds the record for carrying the heaviest weight to victory in the Lincolnshire Handicap, but my impression is that Hornet's Beauty is a better horse than Clorane. If the tall stories one hears about what Warfare can do with Eton Boy are half true, Sir W. Cooke's horse would have to be all I fancy him to concede the weight—a

he has not known defeat. He beat a lot of moderate horses a few days later at Gatwick. At his next attempt he demonstrated that he was improving by reversing the previous form with Ilston (Warfare, the Lincoln Handicap favourite, being third). Then he won a little race at Hurst Park, and later, at Kempton, odds were laid on him for the first and only handicap in which he has run, and in which he scored quite easily. Avernus has improved somewhat since his earliest efforts.



WINNER OF THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE: MR. ERIC PLATT'S "THE REJECTED IV." (MR. G. F. COTTON UP) AT CHELTENHAM.

"The Rejected IV." started at 100 to 8.—[Photograph by Topical.]

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

In my attempt to find the winner of the Lincoln Handicap I shall take Hornet's Beauty or Warfare. Other selections are: Lincoln, Monday: Chaplin Stakes, Tidal Wave; Batthyany Plate, Matinée; Elsham Plate, Battle Axe; Trial Plate, Snatch; Northern Welter, Othello. Tuesday: Lincoln Plate, Hey Presto filly; Kesteven Plate, Londerry; Brocklesby Trial, Ardigon; Doddington Plate, Les Ormes. At Hurst Park on Friday Ebonette may win the Four and Five Years' Steeplechase, General Fox the Trial Steeplechase, and Master Mine the Richmond Hurdle. On Saturday, Tiger II. may win the Hampton Hurdle, and Ballymacad the New Century Steeplechase.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Mr. Arnold Bennett and the Modern Girl.

In his singularly enthralling comedy of manners—the manners of three successive generations—Mr. Arnold Bennett has fallen into no mistake in his estimate of the modern girl. The “Milestones” of his piece at the Royalty might be girls, only, unlike those useful distance-markers, they are all unlike; and they become less slavish and self-obliterating as the play proceeds. In the first act we have a pretty, foolish young creature in *sainte mousseline* and a crinoline, who holds the Miltonic view of her prospective husband. In 1885 we are presented with a finished study of a Du Maurier girl, “bun,” bustle, bonnet, and all, with her vague aspirations towards Individualism, which are promptly nipped in the bud by her father, who marries her off to the nincompoop Lord Monk-hurst. The girl of the eighties makes, it will be seen, but a poor pretence of asserting herself, and we have to wait till 1912 for the new young woman and her true inwardness to be seen. One false step or touch of caricature here, and the delicious play would have been spoiled. But Mr. Arnold Bennett has his finger on the pulse of to-day. The Honourable Muriel Pym, an exquisite young goddess sheathed in soft pink, with demurely banded hair, comes in to announce, to an amazed family circle, her engagement to a young engineer, and her determination to live in Winnipeg. She is, it seems, intensely interested in modern problems, though she has “a profound contempt for official politics”—a feeling which we are most of us beginning to share. It is she who puts her brother, the hereditary legislator, right on the subject of prospective Bills before the House of Lords. The girl of 1912 is presented as superficially “hard”—or, at least, not demonstrative—but in two charming little scenes we see that she is every whit as feminine as, and far more understanding than were her mother and her grandmother. It is a pretty touch, at the end, where the old grandparents are sitting by the hearth in the dark, and the young girl creeps in, gorgeously cloaked, and obviously going out to some brilliant ball or supper, to slip a pink rose into the old man's fingers in sign that she forgives him, and is ready to “make it up.”

Will the Audience Join In?

The tendency of the very modern drama and spectacle is to make the audience part of the play, to infect it with enthusiasm, almost to excite it to take a rôle in the performance. In more emotional and Southern countries this is often actually done: a favourite dancer in Madrid, for instance, bandies repartees with her admirers in the stalls, or even in the gallery. Then again, everyone knows with

what joy an English audience joins in the choruses of the Christmas pantomime. It is quite obvious that, once a dramatic performance has been started, the audience is all agog to act; too. It always enjoys a play twice as much if it is permitted to join in. This is part of the psychology of the crowd, for enthusiasm and indignation are contagious, and Mark Antony's speech to the Roman plebs is an eternal illustration of the fact. In an interesting article in the *English Review*, M. Ivanof predicts that we shall eventually revert to something like the Dionysian mysteries, which were, to be sure, the beginning of all acted drama. The stage, as of old, will once more be inside the theatre, and not one side of it, while there will be a huge chorus with which the audience will be invited and expected to take part. M. Ivanof is, not only hopeful, but prophetic. “The theatres of choric tragedy, comedy, and mystery should become the homes of creative and prophetic self-expression. In them will

be finally solved the problem of the mingling of actors and onlookers in one organic body.” It would be the most curious experiment which could be made at the dawn of Democracy.

The Psychology of “Dressing Up.”

The extraordinary vogue of the Fancy Dress Ball of late years—especially when it is one of monster dimensions—is one of the straws which show which way the wind of national character is blowing. For it is not only the young and curly who throng these gay scenes, but serious people of middle age, of exalted position, and even of advanced years. I fancy this rage for “dressing up” appeals to something profound and instinctive in human nature. If you look with observant eyes at the travestied figures around you, you will discover that the dress chosen is symbolical of a secret aspiration, a thwarted desire, an unacknowledged ambition. Thus, the young man who must e'en sit on an office-stool year in, year out, will brazen it as a pirate, or in the sauciest of cavalry uniforms. The British matron will put on the flounces and the languors of the Traviata,

or the striped stockings and mob-cap of a soubrette. So, also, you shall see ladies of high degree scantily attired as Bacchantes, and leading Dionysian dances, while the soldier or lawyer will impersonate Pierrot, and girls of flighty manners in private life appear with downcast lids, as Puritans or nuns. Perhaps some such outlet for poor human nature, which is squeezed into grooves for which it is often ill-fitted, is a kind of safety-valve which ought to be encouraged. Nature is said to take terrible revenges on those who steadily ignore her. The putting on of motley is an innocent form of occasionally obeying her behests.



FROM THE MECCA OF FASHION: THE LATEST PARISIAN MODES.

The left-hand figure wears a mole-coloured satin; the skirt is draped up one side under a row of passementerie buttons bound round with braid; at the neck there is an all-round collar of Malines tulle, and the waist-band is finished at the back with two loops and a large silver buckle. The next figure is seen in a charmeuse tea-gown in a shade of mauve; the vest is made of net, and the fichu of Alençon lace, the fichu being veiled with violet spotted net; a silk flower holds the fichu in at the waist. The figure in the chair has a blue-satin gown; the skirt is trimmed with wide blue-silk guipure, which forms the new spiral effect; the cassock bodice is made of the same coloured guipure and held in at the waist with a deep pink belt of soft satin ribbon. On the right is an afternoon dress of black cachemire-de-soie; it has a draped tunic showing a lace underskirt; the waist-belt and buttons are black velvet, the revers and cuffs being white.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

THE MARKETS.

THE Coal Strike still drags on its weary way, and the optimism even of the Stock Exchange seems to be a little shaken by the failure of the conferences and the necessity for legislation of which nobody can see the end. Central London stocks, however, have been very strong, and, as we stated several weeks ago, negotiations are in full progress for amalgamation with the Speyer group.

With the exception of some Foreign Rails, those sections not directly affected by the strike have made a good showing. The sudden break in Nigerian Tin shares is a significant warning to would-be profit-snatchers and will perhaps save the burning of some fingers. Other mines have been active, and Chartered have made a rapid recovery to 30s.

Among Miscellaneous issues, Canadian Marconi have enjoyed a sharp rise, and Oil shares have had quite a little boomlet of their own, due partly, we think, to the advertisement that the daily Press is giving this market at present.

RAND MINES.

South African shares, which a week or two ago seemed as dead as a door-nail, have taken on a fresh lease of life; a fair inquiry coming on to a market practically bare of stock has caused a sharp advance. In one case that we know of, a broker went into the market to buy a particular low-priced share, which he should have been able to secure at 6s. 6d.—he only succeeded in filling part of his order at 7s.!

Values are low at present—in some cases, perhaps, as low as they will go—but the actual position of the market is not altogether satisfactory. The labour outlook is certainly better than it was, the figures for February showing 209,031 natives employed on the Rand, which is an increase of 13,782 over the number employed at the beginning of the year; but, unfortunately, this increase is largely due to the bad agricultural position, and there is no guarantee of its permanence.

The Government's prohibition of the employment of tropical labour in the mines is unfortunate, and seems to point to a lack of sympathy between the Government and the mining industry in general. The recent suggestions that Chinese labour is about to be re-introduced, or cheap white labour tried, are not to be taken seriously. The first, we fear, will not be listened to for some time to come, and the latter appears quite impracticable at present. The whole sentiment of the country would prevent black and white working side by side with any prospect of success.

Working costs have also got to be reduced. They have, unfortunately, been increasing during the last few years, and ore-values over the whole field have decreased at the same time. In 1911 the Rand Companies mined 23,888,000 tons, an increase of 2,450,000 tons over 1910, while dividend distributions showed a decrease of a million pounds.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Prudential Insurance Company has been very much before the public of late, and so the report of the general meeting, held on March 7, makes especially interesting reading, and some of the figures are quite remarkable. The Company have made steady progress during 1911, and their total income during that period was £15,252,937, an increase of £370,961 over 1910. And investments, after allowance for depreciation, stand at £81,239,683, upon which an average yield of well over four per cent. was obtained. When it is added that some twenty million policies are now in force, the gigantic organisation and staff required to deal with them can be realised. The bulk of these policies, of course, come under the industrial branch of the business, and premiums from weekly payments alone amounted to £7,182,000 during the year. The enormous expense of collecting these premiums is shown by the fact that working expenses exhaust 33 per cent. of the annual income of this branch, against a ratio of less than 6 per cent. in the ordinary section.

In the course of his speech, the chairman referred to the attacks that have been made from a certain quarter with regard to the question of insurable interest, and gave the best possible answer to them—namely, that no single one of these policies has ever been repudiated.

THE NEW RULES AND THE MINIMUM COMMISSION.

The coal-miners are getting all the limelight, but, none the less, they are not the only people who are going to get a minimum wage for doing next to nothing!

The Brokers have grasped the horny hands of the sons of toil and have agreed to insist upon a minimum commission, whether the public like it or not.

So far there has been no strike, although a bear or two, especially in Tin shares, may have been struck.

The financially interested public has no stomach for a fight. The poor coal-miner is obliged to amuse himself with dog-fighting, pigeon-flying, rat-killing, and other such-like innocent pleasures, and gets a precarious living by backing a stray winner, until the community is starved into submission; but the brokers have carried their minimum without so much as the breaking of even a jobber's head!

It is true that the brokers' new minimum is a moderate, very moderate, one—not more than twice what most of them have been in the habit of charging their best customers—but it is at any rate a start and will prevent the stealing of big firms' customers, and perhaps lead to better things.

Some of the most enterprising jobbers are actually talking of "a minimum turn," and such-like nonsense, which, of course, at present is "crying for the moon." They won't see how bad it would be for business, although the biggest brokers in the house have explained it to them! At any rate, they must wait.

By the assistance of St. Minimum, and the doing of less work, the coal-miners hope, it is said, to get the mines for themselves, free, gratis, and all for nothing, and perhaps, if the brokers were some day to let the jobbers take a trifle more, with luck the Stock Exchange might yet divide up the proceeds of all the stocks and shares which the public brings to it for sale.

The lawyers have long ago taught silly persons who go to law not to expect anything from their lawsuits, and why should the Stock Exchange lag behind?

A little more minimum commission, a little more jobber's turn, and hey, presto, the thing is done!

To the Workers belong the spoils!

I said last week that many of the best Rubber shares could be bought at present to return from 10 to 15 per cent. for the next two years. I give below an estimate, compiled as carefully as possible, of the probable crops of five Companies for 1912 and 1913, with the dividends that may be expected, assuming an average sale price of 5s. for 1912 and 4s. 6d. for 1913, and allowing 2s. per lb. in each case to cover all costs. (In the case of Batu Caves the whole crop for 1912 has already been sold forward at 5s.)

	Est. Crop, 1912.	Profit.	Dividend per Share.	Est. Crop, 1913.	Profit.	Dividend per Share.
Batu Caves ...	320,000 lb. ...	£48,000	35s.	440,000 lb. ...	£55,000	40s.
Damansara ...	500,000 lb. ...	£75,000	14s.	640,000 lb. ...	£80,000	15s.
Kapar Para ...	500,000 lb. ...	£75,000	20s.	680,000 lb. ...	£85,000	22s.
Langkat Sumatra...	180,000 lb. ...	£27,000	7s.	280,000 lb. ...	£35,000	9s.
Sagga ...	200,000 lb. ...	£30,000	28s.	320,000 lb. ...	£40,000	35s.

The output of the *Kapar Para* Company is likely to expand very rapidly, owing to the large acreage of land planted in 1906 and 1907, and now coming into bearing. The following are the figures: Planted before 1906, 597 acres; in 1906, 685 acres; in 1907, 632 acres; and since 1907, 577 acres. The amount collected in the first two months of this year is 78,320 lb., as compared with 37,321 lb. in the first two months of last year. The total crop for 1911 was 330,861 lb. *Kapar Para* shares should be held for at least £10. Q.

Saturday, March 16, 1912.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TIN.—We mentioned Gel Tin because from a good source we were told that the Company owns a good property, 400 yards wide and five and a half miles along a stream from which tin is being washed, and had an option to purchase half a property containing a lode. We have a less favourable opinion now than when we mentioned the property. We intended rather to tip Jos for a quick rise than to cry them down.

T. H.—You are far better off with good stocks which can be realised than with land or houses, which are often unrealisable, and can never evade taxation.

LANCS.—It is a bit late to take a hand in the Tin gamble, and we are afraid you will get in when profit-taking has damped most people's ardour.

APE.—The Bank shares are first rate, and in normal times the liability purely nominal; but it is there and in times of panic might come home to roost. Why not buy good foreign rails and corporation stocks like Durban or Bombay, or even Pernambuco, or San Paulo?

E. B.—What you suggest cannot be done if the trustees keep within the terms of the will.

G. R. S.—Your letter was answered on the 15th inst.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Latest.

Not about the Coal Strike, not about the mania-smitten Suffragettes, but about the fashions. On the principle of the woman who said she never enjoyed idleness so much as when she had an enormous lot to do, my sex is thoroughly delighted with the new fashions, and is waxing frivolous over them as a contrast to the serious affairs in the foreground of all our minds. This is to be a taffetas season, and if you have not got, or are not getting, a few little taffetas gowns, you might as well be on a desert island or in Germany, in neither of which places fashions matter. Furthermore, the taffetas must not be plain, but shot. The more difficult to amalgamate the colours chosen to produce the effect, the more *chic* will be the costume. They might, indeed, represent the mine-owners and the men in oppositeness and obstinacy; but the blender must be firmer than the Government! Also, it is required of these little taffetas frocks that, while they are up to date as to flatness of outline and length of line, they shall also suggest quaintly the styles of 1850. Oh, we have our troubles in the realm of fashion, but things are settled without conferences and conversations. These take place afterwards, and are at present a source of great enjoyment.



FORMERLY FAMOUS ON THE STAGE AS "DENISE ORME"; LADY CHURSTON AND HER DAUGHTER.

This charming portrait of Lady Churston shows her with the elder of her two children, the Hon. Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller, born in 1908. Her son, the Hon. Richard Yarde-Buller, was born in February 1910. She was Miss Jessie Smithers, daughter of Mr. Alfred W. Smithers, of Mount Street, and famous on the stage as Miss Denise Orme. Her marriage to the Hon. John Reginald Lopes Yarde-Buller, now Lord Churston (the third Baron) took place in 1907.

Photograph by Sassano.

with a neat coat to match—now more general than the coat and skirt with a blouse style—the over-dress, draped in long lines from the left shoulder to the right side of the hem, will show at one side the underdress of prawn-pink, and embroideries embodying both colours will appear on the little charmeuse coat. So deeply has charmeuse entered into favour with the smartest of my sex that it will not be ousted by taffetas, which does not lend itself nearly so well to the graceful draping that is the feature of this season's dresses. Rose-colour is very much in the van of fashion. Combined with purple, with green, with brown, and with blue, it is striking and at the same time quite harmonious. Bold touches of it in headgear should add greatly to the brightness and gaiety of fashionable assemblages, which have been growing almost dull, so hardly have British women set themselves against wearing bright hues.

The Princess's beautiful little fawn-coloured Italian greyhound being led about in a large shop

the other day. Little silver bells tinkled with every movement of the graceful wee doggy. The fact that he was being led in a shop where such a proceeding is prohibited, and charming specimens of the canine race sit on mats outside the doors looking unutterable anxiety about their mislaid mistresses, made me look again, and I discovered that his owner was none other than our own young Princess, with two ladies in black in attendance on her. She wore a pale-grey serge coat and skirt and a wide-brimmed simple hat, and was evidently very anxious about her shopping, and still more anxious about her pet. I hear that the little Italian greyhound has quite captured our little Princess's heart. In this she follows in the footsteps of her august mother, who was devoted to a basset-hound for many a year, but cared little for dogs as a race.

The Three "P's."

We have all heard of the three "R's," and recognise that Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic are necessary for our mental outfitting. Polish, Preserve, and Purify are equally obligatory in our homes, and where should we begin but on the floor? In these latter days we all know that in dust live our worst enemies—thousands, millions, and billions of them, nasty little microbes and bacteria waiting only to effect their entrance into our bodies, and undo us. Our three "P's" are provided in "Ronuk" sanitary polishes, which, besides pleasing our eyes, likewise gratify our nostrils by the pleasantest of all home perfumes, what our grandmothers would have called a clean, wholesome smell, and pungent withal. There is the universal sanitary polisher and cleaner for furniture, woodwork, linoleum, parquet, and stained flooring, enamelled parts of motor-cars and bicycles, and for papier-maché; then there are Ronuk floor-polish for cleansing and polishing wood-block; stained, and all sorts of flooring; Ronuk liquid floor-polish, Ronuk boot-polish, black and brown, Ronuk harness-composition, Apex liquid metal-polish, and ball-room powder, to produce a temporary dancing surface. This is the best thing of its kind, as is proved by the



THE RAIMENT OF A STAR: Mlle. ALICE BARTON, OF THE COMÉDIE ROYALE.

Mlle. Alice Barton lately appeared at the Comédie Royale, Paris, in "Un Coup de Canif," by M. Lahovary. The photograph shows her in a dress of puce-coloured charmeuse, with a seam of taffetas in a darker shade of the same colour, finishing behind with a large flat bow. The edge of the skirt and the front of the bodice are trimmed with a band of dark-brown feathers. The collar and cuffs are of lace, and the turban—of puce-coloured taffetas—has a lace bow.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



EVOKING FROM THE PAST "THIS BLESSED PLOT, THIS EARTH, THIS REALM, THIS ENGLAND": MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST AT WORK ON THE ORGANISATION OF "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND."

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is the promoter and organiser of "Shakespeare's England," which is to be the chief feature of the Earl's Court Exhibition this summer. A picturesque Elizabethan town is being laid out there, with churches, inns, streets of shops, theatres, and quays, as in Shakespeare's time. Balls, tournaments, and fêtes will be held at frequent intervals. Our photograph shows the mother of modern England's First Lord of the Admiralty at work in her offices at Whitehall House, where she is directing this big undertaking.

Photograph by C.N.

public buildings and hospitals in which it is used: it is composed largely of antiseptic materials. There are two kinds specially adapted for hospital floors, one for wood already treated—Hospital Ronuk liquid; the other for new floors—Hospital Ronuk concentrated. In addition to all its virtues, it is economical, and is used in almost all private houses where there are polished floors. The Company have headquarters at 16, South Molton Street, and they contract to keep floors in perfect order, for which purpose they employ a large staff of specially trained workmen drawn from a superior class.

In our golfing page, "On the Links," a slight error was discovered after that section of this issue had gone to press. The Ladies' Meeting at Ranelagh is mentioned in it as taking place this week, but from later information we learn that it will not come off for another month. In any case, this will be the first of the big assemblies of the L.G.U. this year.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Stage Society's latest enterprise consisted of excellent translations of two long one-act plays. The first, a very clever affair by Hermann Bahr, called "The Fool and the Wise Man," is perhaps too subtle in idea and too paradoxical in philosophy for the ordinary traffic of the boards: one had to hang on tight to understand, but the effort, if successful, was rewarded. Nor was the piece undramatic in the common sense of the term; and there was even a passage of creepy sensation, when the half-imbecile brother of the Pharisee stole into the room, and one wondered what would happen. Mr. Owen Nares presented the part of genius insane very finely; also to be remembered was the successful début of Miss Irene Hentschel, who played quite cleverly. The other play, "Creditors," by Strindberg, the famous Swede, would probably entertain any audience, the entertainment being a little like that given by a visit to a spiritual chamber of horrors. The piece was quite brilliantly acted by Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Guy Standing and Miss Miriam Lewes.

The phrase from the popular song, "Maisie was a Daisy," can hardly be used concerning the new play by Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., called "Proud Maisie," although we had plenty of figures of speech about flowers, in the stock similes with which the author is well furnished; but one may repeat the last two words from "The Fool and the Wise Man," and ask, "Why? Why?" Why burden a rather empty melodrama with blank verse? To do so is like putting the leaden boots of the diver on the feet of the sprinter. However, there were songs and dances, and we had fencing matches and bag-piping, and admirable music by Mr. Hamilton Harty, and quite a lively ball and lots of picturesque dresses; so people—and there are many, I fancy—who under such circumstances do not trouble themselves much about the actual play, may find "Proud Maisie" a quite pleasant and not dangerously exciting entertainment. Everybody who visits the Aldwych certainly will be impressed by the acting of Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Henry Ainley.

The Play Actors were justified in producing Mr. Norman MacOwan's "The Demagogue," even though there was hardly enough in it to make it likely that it will be seen again. It seemed to be a step in a vigorous crusade against Socialism; but as a pamphlet it was weakened by a remarkable disregard for the facts of life. It was, in consequence, unreal; but there were several things to be enjoyed, particularly some neat little sketches of Labour delegates, Scotch and Welsh, by Mr. Hubert Willis and Mr. Franc Stoney;

and of a precocious young politician by Mr. Sidney Sherwood. The hero, a Socialist secretary, lured by greed into embezzlement of his society's funds, was really too obviously weak and unworthy for belief; but Mr. C. F. Collings did his best with him and Miss Violet Sterne played sympathetically the only lady in the piece.

Of the entertainment at the Court Theatre, which consisted of "The Humour of It," by Léon Brodsky, and "How One Woman Did It," by John Austin, there is little to be said. The latter is a very earnest plea for votes for women, but is weak as a play, and does not make even an effective stage conversation on the subject; while Mr. Brodsky's work is that of one who would be fantastic, but has not the power to be cleverly foolish. Mr. Lawrence Anderson managed remarkably well the part of an absurd young man, who insisted on worshipping at early morn beneath his lady's window, and Mr. W. G. Fay did his best with an ineffective part.

At the London Palladium on Monday it was arranged to produce Mr. George Edwardes's abridged version of "The Duchess of Dantzic." The programme also includes Will Evans in his farce, "The Chicken House"; Miss Hetty King in some new songs; and Vesuve in a "Continental Speciality Act." Nina de Chany, the Neapolitan singer, gives one of her popular serenades, and Otto and Olga "a vocal absurdity," called "Mirth, Music, and Mock Opera." Among other attractive turns is that of Mlle. Ladowska, with M. Andreas Pavley and little Cora Goffin, assisted by a *corps de ballet*. It may be mentioned that the Palladium Ball takes place on the 20th (Wednesday); at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street.

One of the most charming French watering-places within easy reach of London is Hardelot, on the Picardy coast, a few miles south of Boulogne. The pine-forest immediately behind the sand-hills belongs to the French Government, and is open to all visitors throughout the year. Hardelot has all the amusements of a foreign *plage*, among them being one of the best golf-courses on the Continent, planned by Mr. John D. Dunn and Harry Vardon. The first tee is on a tower of the ancient castle built by Charlemagne. The president of the golf club is the Duke of Argyll, who has built a chalet at Hardelot, as also has M. Blériot, who contemplates establishing a summer school of aviation there. The growing popularity of Hardelot as a pleasure resort is largely due to its founder, Mr. John R. Whitley, who has done so much to promote the Entente Cordiale in a practical manner. It is understood that a Company is being formed to develop the place, and that several more first-rate hotels will soon be built.



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C.D.C.

£1000 INSURANCE. See page XII.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Salmon - Fishing in Scotland; M. Marinetti; Women "Milestones"; "Milestones," at the Royalty; "States of Mind," by Natural-Colour Photography; Men "Milestones"; "The Love-Offering."

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Breeches made
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Finds Simple Home Treatment Works Wonders.
Reduced His Weight 100 Pounds.

How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day, and then Always Remain **SLIM**. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising or Apparatus used.

Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book,
"How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."

On returning from a recent trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist, and traveller, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writing and scientific researches, accorded an interview to Press representatives, who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner today the same man who only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicine, starvation, dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose his excess weight. In fact, he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further, the Doctor said:

"When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognised as the first tell-tale symptom of fatty degeneration, and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so that it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly, and even the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, told me I was likely to drop dead any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate, and began to use all the advertised treatments I have ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician, I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. There are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physician's training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant so-called specialists I would now be in my grave.

"My discovery came about in this way: When seeking data for some literary work I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. I knew that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy, and therefore the most fat-forming, of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the Japanese, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance.

"After having long talks with several native authorities on such matters, I determined to

give this Japanese method a short trial, and I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of both body and mind.

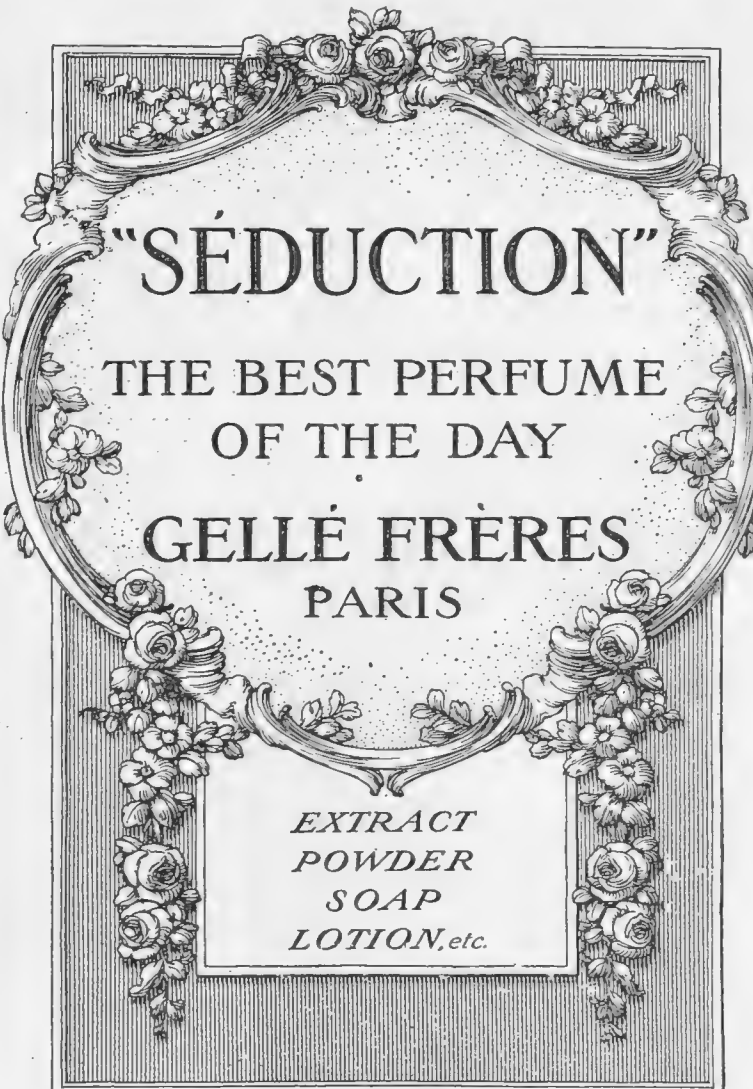
"It made me feel 20 years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then.

"Can you imagine my ecstasy of joy and inexpressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when, after all my sufferings, I discovered almost by accident this secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again? I have now been gladly accepted by the same large Insurance Company that previously rejected me."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain highly satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat.

Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in an extremely interesting little booklet entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," and by special arrangement it is now announced that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those suffering from over-stoutness who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing. The books are sent in plain wrapping, and there are now about 1000 left. When these are gone he may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip, and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns.

The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c.o. the Dr. Turner Co., Dept. 734 A, 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. All who are interested are urgently advised to obtain this wonderful book, and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.



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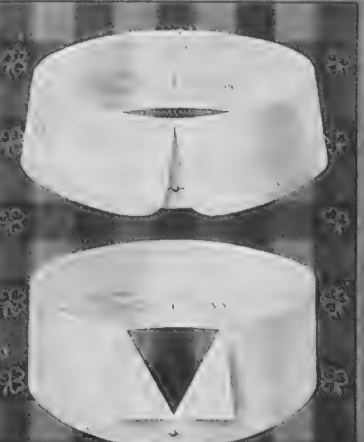
are faced with strong Irish Linen woven in our Banbridge factory, and are our own make throughout. Don't be misled by statements that Cotton Collars are "just as good." LINEN costs three times as much as cotton because it is a stronger, whiter, cleaner, and longer stapled fabric, possessing brilliancy and lustre which imparts to Men's Wear that look of distinction not found in the cheaper article.

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MICHELIN'S "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

(Original Photos can be seen at our Premises).

Exhibit B.

Many drivers, excellent though gloat over the sense of power them over their car. This tends stop-her-all-standing" method

Although you may be in there is an *art* in using brakes; and applies it judiciously will from his tyres than he who heaves-to with a wrench and

A series of sudden, vicious enough effects upon a machinery, but the poor when brakes are too suddenly direct contact with the road, great proportion of the strain the car.

The accompanying illustration shows a Square Tread cover, which, wheel and the consequent the rubber and canvas torn off so much so, indeed, that an

If you saw a man pull a throw it on the road, you wouldn't you? And yet the more than a sovereign away; of solid rubber and canvas in himself in for a repair bill of costly, isn't it? The expense somewhere about *one thousand* would make a Rockefeller look

Another point: *Practical that a car is not stopped as locked as when the brakes are*

Absorb that fact thoroughly; remember what it illustrates and your brakes are equally adjusted, above all to avoid locking your

they be, are apt, occasionally, to which a set of good brakes gives to breed that "let-her-rip-and-of driving, which is wrong.

clined to smile at the idea; and the motorist who studies secure much longer service bangs in his brakes and a jolt.

lent stoppages must have in-car's accurately constructed tyres are the greatest sufferers applied, because, being in they must support a very of arresting the momentum of

tration shows an almost new owing to the locking of the skidding of the tyre, has had for a considerable distance—actual hole has appeared

sovereign from his pocket and would be somewhat astonished, owner of this cover has thrown he has torn off $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch a few seconds, and has let at least *two pounds*. Pretty works out at the rate of *pounds an hour*—a figure which a bit sick.

tests have conclusively proved quickly when the wheels are applied gently but firmly.

then look at the photograph again, determine henceforth to see that to apply them gently, and wheels.

Exhibit D.

This exhibit cannot be separated from that on the preceding page; it belongs to the same category.

The motorist, having had the experience of coaxing one bead of a new and stiff cover into a rim, only to find that, during manipulation, the valve-slits have mysteriously flipped round so that they are six inches away from the valve-hole, purchased—as all motorists should—a Michelin Dummy Valve.

So far, so good! When the Dummy Valve was fitted, however, the Dummy Valve was allowed to slip aside the cover. How this happened, only the operator himself could say; but the result was disastrous enough, as is clearly indicated by the illustration.

As in the case of the spanner in the cover, when the tyre was inflated, every turn of the wheel impressed the Dummy Valve on the tube; and rubber being softer than wood—well, the result is pretty obvious, isn't it?

When you are fitting or attaching tyres, clear your mind of the charming waltz you had with Annette the other night, and concentrate! concentrate!! concentrate!!! It is only in this way that tyre manipulation can be rendered easy and safe.

Exhibit G.

If the poet, who immortalized that scientific fact about the constant dripping of water wearing away the hardest stone, had been a motorist and an observer, he might have sung, with equal truth, to the effect that constant friction against sharp tools and the heterogeneous collection of oddments, usually to be found in a motorist's tool-box, wears away an inner tube. But let us get down to hard facts. This is a new tube. It hardly looks it, I admit. Still, it is.

The unfortunate thing was taken from its cardboard box and thoughtlessly flung into the tool-box on the car, there to rest in perfect safety (2) until it should be called upon to help the motorist out of a "hobble."

Consider this tube, but speak, verily "it could a tube unfold." Far from resting in comfort its life was made a perfect misery by the hard and pointed tools. In fact it lived in a state of constant tension, which it was unable to discharge. Result: the three holes that you see.

And what does this mean?

Why, that before the tube can be used, it has to have one *fourteen* inch section inserted which means a nice little job added to the original cost of the tube. Nice for the owner, who has his new tube reduced to the level of one that has been badly hurt by the tools.

A special Tube Bag would have only cost him a trifling amount.

Exhibit E.

The "Book of Bibendum" (Vol. 2) contains a story of an irate manager of a certain garage not a thousand miles from Fulham Road, and his adventure with a new cover, which showed a very pronounced swelling. The trouble was found to be caused by the presence of an *Elbow Lever*, which had been left inside inadvertently.

"And what are these strange marks on this cover?" you will ask. I found even the redoubtable Sherlock Holmes, past master as he was in the art of elucidating mysteries, would puzzle his brows over such a problem.

Well, here is the explanation. The driver, having carefully left his tyre lever in the garage, thought a set spanner would prove a good substitute for fitting the cover after a puncture. He manipulated that tool with a certain amount of skill, but evidently was overcome at last by a fit of mental aberration, which caused him to let the spanner slip inside the cover. The result was that, on resuming his journey, every revolution of the wheel served to impress the spanner more deeply in the canvas of the cover, until the key was finally cut right through.

the fabric of the tube burst, also plenty of trouble.

When you are fitting covers, remember it requires undivided attention. Spanners, should be kept in the tool-box. It is through-the-looking-glass method of in the tool-box and tools in

is an operation which Spur and Elbow Levers something of an "Alice-procedure to keep inner tubes your outer covers.

And besides, it doesn't pay!

The above are pages taken from the Instruction Plate Booklet, which will be sent post free.

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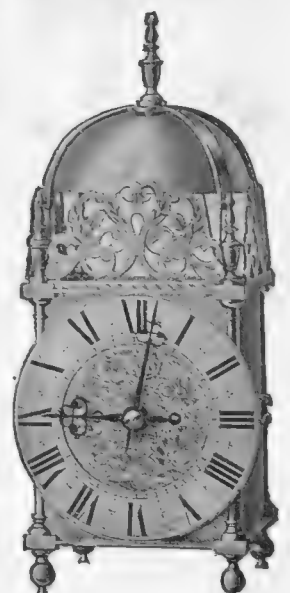
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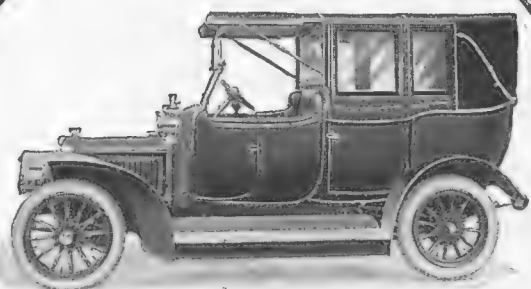
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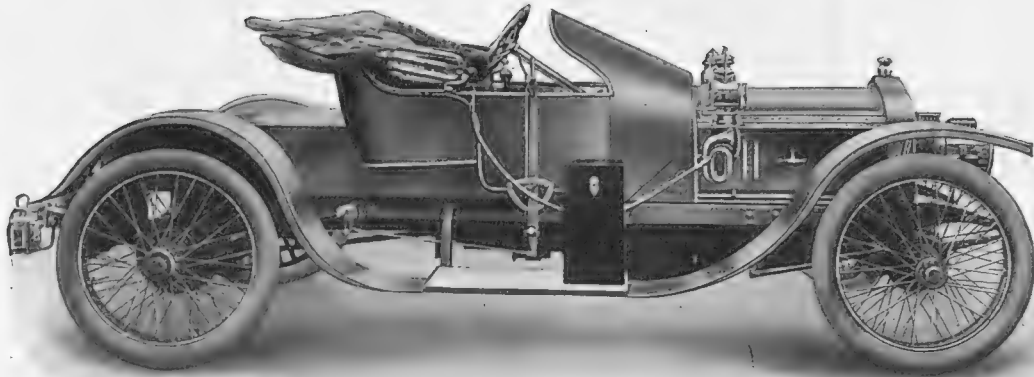
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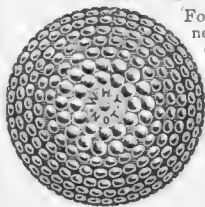
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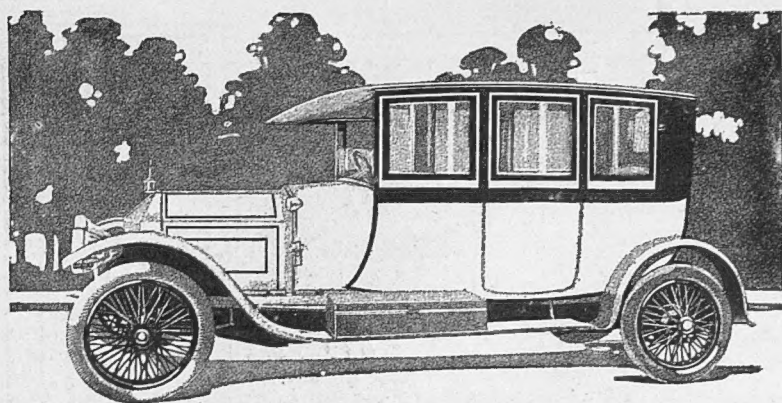
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